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THE ARGUENOT



FEBRUARY, 1923

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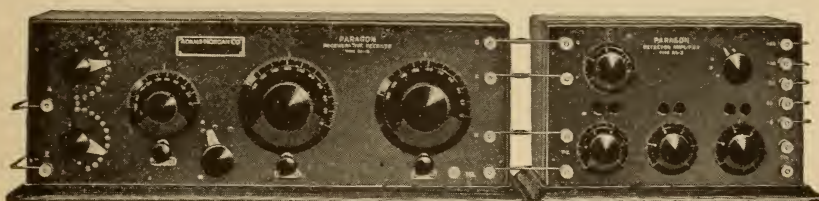
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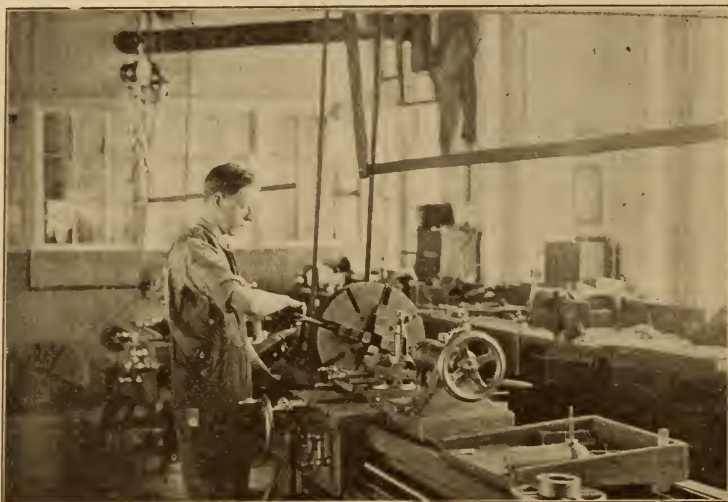
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EDITORIALS

Foreword

THE Editorial Staff herewith presents to its readers the second issue of the "Arguenot." Through the loyal support of the merchants and business men in freely giving us advertisements, we have been able to enlarge the magazine considerably. In this publication we are offering, beside the regular English contributions, selections from the Foreign Language and History Departments, as well as numerous very fine articles from the Junior High School. We are also able to print for the first time the school seal and some very fine cuts which we know everyone will appreciate. It is our aim to keep on enlarging and at the same time improving our magazine in every way until we have one which will do Norwood High as much credit as do her athletic teams. After all, the "Arguenot" is as much a school activity as basket-ball, with this difference—it offers infinitely more chance for anyone and everyone to participate in it than does

basket-ball. Everyone should appreciate this opportunity and show his school spirit by "coming out" for the "Arguenot." And if he doesn't get into the game, he should show his enthusiasm and loyalty by cheering! *Support*—that's what we want. Root for the "Arguenot"!

Cheering—A Vital Factor in School Contests

WHY is it that all colleges and high schools have cheering sections? Why does everyone yell when there is a touchdown, goal or run made? First, it is the enthusiasm and excitement; second, it is the support it gives to the team. Ask any person who has played on some athletic team whether cheering helps or not. Will he answer no? Not on your life! He will tell you that cheering inspires and fills the player with courage.

The members of our team do not want to disappoint you by a defeat if they

can help it. They think that if you are not interested in them that you are not interested in the school or club which they represent. Is this so? No, you all know that you are interested in them, your school or club. Then why do you not join the cheering section? Why do you hang back and wait for others who never come? Why do you form a cheering section of eight or nine instead of joining the regular section under the leadership of cheer leaders whom you yourselves chose?

This is an appeal to the boys of Norwood High School to come out and cheer for their team. The football season is now over and the basket-ball season is in full swing. Come to the remaining

games and join the cheering section. Take a seat before some one who is not a student fills it. Don't be afraid to sit beside the girls who, by the way, are better sports than you. There will be a few stand-bys beside whom you can sit, but be in the cheering section. Do not think that you are doing hard work by cheering. If you cheer you are showing your school spirit. Now, when our team plays, root for it. We can not all make the team, but we can make the team play better. Root hard, root together, root as though your life depended upon it! If you come, root for your team or go over and sit on the other side where you belong.

JOHN JEWETT, '24.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

The First of the Bells

ANDREW, the archer, walked with a swinging step along the road that led to the wild forest outside the city walls. Dawn had just come, and the meadows, the distant wood, the city behind him, all seemed unreal and dream-like in the gray light of morning.

He had his bow slung over his shoulder and his quiver of arrows hung by his side. He was going to the forest to hunt, for tomorrow the King of Scotland would visit the city and all the archers in the king's army were sent about to gather food for the great feast of welcome. King Henry II of England had at last released the King of Scotland from his long imprisonment and he was coming to visit the largest city of his realm once again.

Andrew whistled a gay air as he swung down the road. All was well! He was

again allowed to hunt as he had done in the days before the war—a sure sign that the fighting was over. And as the cool morning wind caressed his face it seemed impossible that there ever had been a war—all seemed so still and peaceful in the quiet of the early morning.

Into the wood he went, and as he entered deeper he took the bow from his shoulder and selected an arrow from his quiver—made ready. Sometimes a rabbit bounded across his path or a startled bird flew up from the ground, but he paid no attention to these. He was after deer and deer he would have.

But it seemed as if the deer had been warned of his coming, for not one did he find. Until noon he stalked among the flickering shadows of the wood in vain. Then, the happy mood of the morning gone, he sat down to eat his noonday

lunch of bread and clear water from a nearby spring. After resting a while he again began his search for a deer trail. Early in the afternoon he found faint encouragement—a bush with the tender buds nibbled off. Farther on he found tracks in the mud on the edge of a pool and still farther a clear trail leading directly away from the city. But on he went, taking care to make no noise and after an hour or two came to a slight clearing in the forest—and upon his prey. In the clearing stood a handsome buck, head up, eyes startled. Evidently the animal had heard the hunter approaching. Noiselessly Andrew fitted the arrow into the bow, pulled it taut, let it fly. With a terrified snort the deer fled, too late, for a clear red trail showed that the buck was wounded.

Eagerly Andrew followed with another arrow ready. But when he found the deer, the arrow was needless, for the animal had fallen in its tracks, dead.

Immediately Andrew's happiness returned—his mission was fulfilled. After tying the deer's legs together he swung it onto his own strong young shoulders. But the animal was heavy and his progress was slow. He suddenly noticed that the wood was growing darker and darker. And the gates of the city closed at sunset!

On he stumbled, weighted down by his heavy burden. Several times he lost the trail and wasted the precious minutes in hunting for it. Then when he again found it he would hurry even more than before.

After a seemingly endless time the forest became lighter and the trees grew farther apart. Then after walking a few minutes he came out upon the road, and fairly ran toward the city, in spite of his heavy load.

When he finally reached the city—he

found the gates securely locked! He knew that pounding on them or crying out would not help; so, with a resigned sigh, he let the deer slip to the ground and sat down. For a moment he looked out upon the scene before him. The dark mass of the forest outlined against the sky from which the last vestige of color was quickly fading. One star hung low over the western horizon. Within the city a dog barked. Far off a faint, very faint, cry was heard. He wondered who else could be shut out from the city. But the effects of a strenuous day soon made themselves known and he spread out his cloak. Using the deer for a pillow, he went to sleep.

He suddenly found himself sitting up, listening—to what? His ears strained to catch any unusual sound, but he heard nothing. How long had he slept? He suddenly realized that it was dangerous to be outside the city. This had not occurred to him before. The wild animals from the woods, robbers, Englishmen (no, no Englishmen. The war was over, the king was coming back), all were dangerous. Inside the walls one was protected—but outside? But he could hear nothing, tho he tried time and time again to catch any unfamiliar noise.

With an impatient sigh at his own foolishness, he lay down again and tried to sleep. But sleep had fled. He lay looking up at the inky darkness of the sky, thinking of the next day when the king was to return to his country. All the inhabitants of the city had waited and prepared for the coming of their liege lord, and tomorrow he would come. Or was it today? Andrew did not know how long he had slept before—what—had awakened him? The archers were to show their skill and the girls of the city were to meet the king with flowers and song.

What was that?

Andrew sat up again quickly. He had heard something—he was sure of it—some sound half-way between a rustle and a thud.

Then for a breathless moment he saw outlined, darker than the sky behind it, the form of an armed soldier. And no soldier in his own city wore such a cap!

Who was he?

Andrew had just prepared to creep toward the place where the shape had been, when another man loomed up and another and still another.

Who were they?

Then near him, almost upon him, he saw a man talking earnestly to someone whom Andrew could not see. Andrew caught a phrase here and there—

“the gate—king Henry—burn—we must break down the gate—soft, man, soft.”

For a second Andrew was paralyzed. Burn—and break down the gate? The man talked English—he must be an Englishman! Then all stood clear in Andrew’s mind. The English had announced that the Scottish king was to be released only to reassure the people. Then they, the traitors, would creep upon the city in the dead of the night and capture it! Traitors! Andrew clinched his fists and trembled in his scorn and hate for the enemy.

The thought came to him that he, Andrew the archer, was the one person that could save his city, probably his country, from the English. The thought nearly overpowered him. He, a mere archer, had an opportunity to save his country. Then he grew calm, a strong, certain calm, and thought clearly of the various ways of outwitting the enemy. Fight them? Impossible! One man against unknown numbers! But what should he do? The only remaining thing

was to arouse the city. But how—without warning the English host also? Climb the walls! No man had ever been able to do that. The archers had matched their strength and skill in this during their leisure hours. But he must do it—must—must!

He slipped off his thin skin boots, left his cloak over the deer and crept cautiously toward the gate. The gate would be the easiest to climb. There was some foothold on that at least—the immense hinges and the bolts.

Once he nearly was discovered. A burly man stumbled over him, and with a muffled curse pulled him up, shaking him—

“Mon—dog! Why creepest thou on all fours like the dog thou art? Stand up, man, stand up!”

Andrew’s heart was in his mouth, but the huge Englishman stumbled off, grumbling to himself.

With infinite caution Andrew began to climb the gate. Thick splinters of the heavy oak wood entered his hands and knees. At last he reached the second hinge. For a moment he paused, resting his knee against the slight support of the hinge, waiting in nerve-racking suspense for discovery. But no one came. Then he climbed on—higher, higher. He had never known the gate was so high—would he never reach the top? His hands touched another hinge. With an awful strain upon his arms he pulled himself up and, breathless and limp, crouched against the wood. His arms slipped and with what seemed to him a great noise he slipped down, down, onto the ground. Everything grew red and black, and danced before his eyes. The English must have heard—and he would be unable to save his city. He lay on the ground afraid to move. But no one came—no one had heard.

Again he climbed, tired now but more careful. Up, up—the ascent seemed interminable. Past the first hinge, the second, the third. There were four. Would he ever reach the fourth? Slowly, painfully he pulled himself up—feeling the burning of his arms, knees—the strain on his whole body. Then—the fourth hinge. With superhuman effort he lifted himself up. Rested for a moment; then up, up, up to the top of the gate. He placed one leg over, and sat quiet, letting himself relax for one exquisite moment. Down outside the gate he could make out forms darker than the darkness they moved in. But he—Andrew, the archer—had won out! But this was not the time to rejoice—his work was not done. He could hardly persuade himself to slip down the inner side of the gate. The wood would tear his body, his hands, burn him. But after a short winning fight with self, he slipped down, regardless of the excruciating pain.

Then, once on the ground, he ran swiftly toward the belfry. To force open the door was a moment's work. Then up the stairs, then the ladder, up, up. Finally he reached the top, where the bell-rope hung. Gathering his strength he began to pull. Back and forth! To and fro! Up and down! Back and forth! To and fro! Up and down! Over and over!

Below he heard the people begin to move about, to shout, to question one another. Then someone climbed up to the tower, to Andrew.

But Andrew rang, and rang, automatically.

The man that climbed to the belfry had to tear the rope from Andrew's hands. Then, like an automaton, he told the story. The hunt, how late it grew, his hurry, the closed gate, the

men in the darkness, his climb and the run to the belfry. Then he collapsed.

* * *

"Long live the king! Long live the king! Make way for his highness, King of Scotland! Long live the king!"

The cry rang again and again thru the narrow streets of the Scottish city. The city had emptied its population into its streets, waiting for the king. After much fighting and bloodshed, Scotland had finally won back its king from the English. On the night when Andrew, the archer, aroused the city, the English army, surprised by the sudden awakening of the inhabitants of the city they were to capture, fled in disorder, the army of the city after them. Many prisoners were taken—important prisoners. Later, after a renewed war which Scotland won, these prisoners were exchanged for the king.

And now the king rode thru the streets of his city, bowing and smiling to his rejoicing people. He came to the market-place. In the center was built a temporary throne. To this the king rode, and descended from his horse. Here he talked to his people—thanked them for their loyalty, their bravery. Then he asked to be told the true story of the city's wonderful escape from the English.

And he was told. He listened carefully, silent to the end. Then he asked to see this Andrew the archer.

Andrew came out from the crowd, walked slowly to the throne, and stood with bowed head.

Then the king's voice rang out:

"Kneel, Andrew!"

Andrew knelt before the king, trembling, for he feared that the king was displeased because he had not knelt at once.

But the king drew his sword and,

touching Andrew lightly on the head and shoulders, said clearly—

"Rise, Sir Andrew Bell!"

Sir Andrew Bell rose, amidst the shouts of the joyous multitude.

If you were to read the family annals of the Bells of today, you would see

that on their weapon is the picture of a lion, behind a wall, ringing a bell. And you could read the story of the origin of the name and how it came about that they were nobles.

MYRTHA LINDEBERG, '25.

Our Girls

I

'Twas Friday and the people
Had gathered in the hall
To see how Norwood High Girls
Could play at Basketball.

II

The girls looked pretty snappy
In their "middies" all of blue,
And by the look on each stern face
They hoped to win, we knew.

III

The Mansfield girls were veterans,
All masters of the game;
But Norwood girls are fighters
And they looked about the same.

IV

At the shrill shriek of the whistle,
Each girl then took her place,
Perhaps a wee bit nervous,
Not lacking in form and grace.

V

The game was on and—mercy!
How those girls could run and shoot!
The crowd went a'lmost crazy
And the boys began to root.

VI

Then Mansfield shot a basket,
But Norwood shot one too,
And things looked pretty even,
'Twas exciting thru and thru.

VII

But when the final whistle
Called each gasping girl to stop,
'Twas evident the Mansfield girls
"Had cleaned up with the mop."

FRANCIS DOWER, '24.

The Spoils System

WHAT are the ways and means by which some people get into office? Is it always because they are qualified for the position? No. Some men are constantly put into office, certainly not on their own good qualities. They are simply put in through the Spoils System, which is a mild form of graft. Men who are running for office have personal friends

who try to get the people's vote for them and in the end those friends themselves are amply rewarded. It is simply a case of what a politician said in Andrew Jackson's time, "To the victor belong the spoils."

When Andrew Jackson came into office he brought with him the Spoils System. Jackson was a man of different character

from most men. He thought that his ideas were always right and considered everyone who disagreed with him an enemy to the people. Consequently, when he became President, finding that there were many people in the employ of the government whose ideas differed from his, he removed one thousand officials in the government and replaced them with his own personal friends. Thus he did something that no President before or after him ever did or dared to do. Of course many of these men could not fill the positions they were put into; they were simply put in because they helped Jackson win the election for presidency. One man filling a position in Jackson's cabinet was asked why he didn't do more work. He simply answered, "Why, I worked to get here." And that was all there was to it.

Such conditions are true in some parts of our Government of today although in modified form. Even though we now have the Merit System which was introduced in 1883, the country seems to be in almost as poor circumstances as if we had no Merit System at all. This system compels anyone seeking a governmental position to take an examination. The test or "exams" vary according to the position which is sought. The questions asked in these tests do not cover sufficient ground and therefore cannot find out how much a person actually knows. Tests of former years can be procured and "studied up" and in that way aid the person desiring to take the examination. Another fault, and one which is very important, is that advancement in positions does not depend upon efficiency but upon the department head. This is especially true in the case of women. Men will not

advance a woman, because there is a chance of her becoming superior to them.

Furthermore, the system itself is not put into good practice. The standards, instead of being raised, are lowered. For instance, the minimum passing mark of World War Veterans is five points less than for other applicants. In many cases, men just "skim by" and the government must suffer by employing inefficient men. Another instance of the lowering of the standards occurred in May, 1922, when President Harding ordered that Postmasters should be chosen from the *three* applicants receiving the highest number of points instead of requiring the appointment of the candidates ranking highest. This was a signal for spoils hunters in Congress to get to work. There is more of a chance for a friend of the President to get in when there are three candidates from which to make the choice.

There are many possible improvements for this Merit System. In the first place the tests could be made more like intelligence tests than like short questionnaires. They could contain questions testing the general knowledge of the applicant, questions in literature, history, etc. Tests could be changed every year or else all old copies destroyed, to avoid "studying up" by candidates. World War Veterans should not receive preferential treatment more than should any other person. Laws and rules should be strictly enforced.

Perhaps if these improvements were made the use of the Merit System would help do away with the Spoils System and people who deserved to get positions would be put in the place of those who dishonestly get into office.

TOBA METCALF, '23.

Fate

(Continued from last issue)

Synopsis: Mr. Rogers, a wealthy man, upon losing all his money in an oil speculation, commits suicide, leaving two orphan children, a boy and girl, who are sent to a Home.

Fourteen years later Elaine Denver, an orphan and school-teacher in a Western town, meets Frank Deane, a young man who has purchased an adjoining ranch. Martin George, another newcomer, arrives and purchases land near by. Elaine promises to go to the Country Fair with Martin George. Frank tells Elaine that Martin is an ex-convict.

* * *

About nine o'clock Martin called to take Elaine. The rest were to follow in the big wagon.

All during the day, although Elaine tried to put the thought that Martin might be an ex-convict out of her mind, she could not. And the day to which she had been looking forward was spoiled.

Martin sensed her attitude toward him and it worried him. What had he done, he asked himself, to make her almost stiff toward him instead of being jolly and carefree as she generally was?

When eight o'clock came, he said, "I think we had better be going. It looks as though there might be a storm and we've got twenty miles to go."

"All right," answered Elaine. "I'll wait here while you go and get the carriage."

As Elaine stood waiting Frank came up and said, "Hello, Miss Denver. I hope you've forgiven me for being so rude this morning in losing my temper; but you know it was a great disappointment for me not to be allowed the pleasure of your company for this day.

"However, Fortune has favored me

somewhat. I just met Martin George and it seems that he has met some business men and will be detained. So he asked me if I could take you home."

"Thank you," answered Elaine, "but in that case I think I will go home with the Johnsons."

"Ah, but the Johnsons have left over an hour ago."

Elaine did not answer for a moment. She was disappointed to think that Martin would not even come and explain to her that he would be delayed.

"Oh, come now," said Frank. "George will probably be delayed a couple of hours and it's going to rain."

Elaine got into the carriage. There was no use in standing there, and besides, as Frank had said, it was going to rain. Each moment the clouds had got darker and the wind was beginning to blow hard.

"Just a minute," said Frank. "I promised that kid over there a dollar for doing an errand for me."

In less than five minutes he was back and they had started on their way home. They had gone perhaps eight miles. During that time Elaine had hardly spoken. Suddenly Frank stopped the carriage.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

"Nothing," answered Elaine.

"You know that's a lie," responded Frank. "You're thinking about George. But I tell you, he's an ex-convict! Not worthy of your association! Tell me when are you going to stop thinking about him and pay a little more attention to me? I was all right before he came, wasn't I?" grabbing hold of her wrists.

"Mr. Deane! Let go of my wrists this instant!"

"Not until you've promised to have nothing more to do with that ex-convict, Martin George alias Donald Rogers."

"Donald Rogers!" shouted Elaine.

"Coming!" shouted another voice as Martin George alias Donald Rogers came up on horseback.

"Get out of that carriage, you cur," he cried to Frank.

"You mind your own business, you convict!" replied Frank as he lashed the horses. With a bound they sprang forward almost knocking Elaine out.

But Donald was as quick as Frank. With a leap he sprang onto the carriage. And quicker than it takes time to tell it, both were on the ground, fighting for dear life.

Elaine grabbed hold of the reins and in about ten minutes had the horses under control. She turned them around and went back to where Don and Frank were still fighting.

"Don, Don," she cried, but he paid no attention. With a sudden thrust of his fist he sent Frank rolling on the ground.

"The next time you get a kid to do an errand for you, you'd better give him what you promised. You cur! Got him to tell me Miss Denver decided she was going to ride home with you. Huh? Well, the kid was wise enough. When you didn't give him what you promised, he was bound he was going to get it some-way. He told me that Miss Denver never said that she would rather ride home with you. That information was worth something and I gave him five times the amount that you promised him. There's the horse you left me, when you took the carriage. I'm going to see Miss Denver the rest of the way home. I am coming to see you in the morning."

When Elaine arose the next morning, the night's happenings suddenly came to

her mind and she shuddered; but presently a smile broke across her face.

Donald Rogers! She must have a talk with him. The night's ride had been one of utter silence except for the "Good-night" when he had left her at the house.

But today she should have a talk with him and ask him about himself, and she went down to breakfast with a smile on her face and a song in her heart.

Donald had come over to see Mr. Johnson on business and was asked to breakfast. Elaine nodded and Don did likewise. Neither of them said anything to the Johnsons about the night's happenings.

They were just finishing breakfast when a young boy came running in shouting, "Frank Deane is dead."

Elaine's face suddenly went white. "Dead," she repeated as she gazed at Don.

"Yup, dead," repeated the boy. "Found dead about five o'clock this morning, in bed. Got a doctor up from town and he said it was heart failure. Heart simply stopped beating."

The girls began to sob, but Elaine arose with a white face and went slowly from the room followed by Donald. When she reached the porch, she sat down and began to cry.

"Don't, Elaine," begged Donald. "It would probably have happened anyhow, regardless of the fight last night."

"It isn't that," sobbed Elaine. "I knew he had heart failure. It was only when the boy said he was dead that I thought you had killed him this morning. I knew you two hated each other. What was it?"

"You shall hear about it," said Donald. "It was this way. At the age of five my mother died and at the age of eight my father committed suicide. He had invested all his money in some stock and

it had proved worthless. The shock was more than he could stand. There were two of us, my sister and I. She was six at the time. As I said, my father had lost everything. We had not a relative in the world, so we were put into a Home. Are you listening?"

"Yes," answered Elaine sitting up very straight and her eyes shining.

"Well, then," continued Donald, "one day a woman came and took my sister. I was almost frantic at the time because we had never been separated in our lives before. However, not long afterwards, a gentleman came and took me. For the next year or two I was happy. I loved him as a father, while I in turn brightened his life a little, I think, because he had just lost his only child, a son. As I said, for the first year or two I was happy. Then one day there came a message to my guardian, Mr. McLane, saying that his sister was dying. Mr. McLane, or Uncle as I called him, went to his sister's bedside. Her husband had died a few years before and they had one son about two or three years older than I. On her death-bed she made Uncle promise that he would take the child after she was gone. He promised and also kept that promise. After the funeral he brought the boy home. That boy was Frank Deane. From the moment he set eyes on me, he hated me and did all kinds of tricks and laid the blame on me. Years went by and I had reached my twentieth birthday when I paid the heaviest I ever had for one of his tricks, or, rather, this was a crime. He knew that when Uncle died I should come in for my share of the money. He determined that I shouldn't. Uncle had some valuable bonds in the safe. One night when I was out, Frank took these bonds and put them in my suit-case. Of course in the morning Uncle discovered the loss

and sent for the police. The house was searched and naturally the bonds were found in my possession. Uncle would listen to no explanation. I was arrested and given a three-year sentence. While I was serving time, Uncle died. Everything in the will was left to Frank. Of course I was not absolutely positive that Frank did put the bonds there. I had no proof. When I got out I found that Frank had gone West and had sold the place. However, I saw our old butler and he told me that he had seen Frank take the bonds and put them in my suitcase, but Frank had caught him watching and had threatened him if he didn't keep quiet. And so I came West—not to find Frank, but to start life anew. There you have my whole story. When I came here, I changed my name to Martin George. My middle name is Martin and my mother's maiden name was George. I did not change my name when I went to live with Uncle, hence my reason for changing it when I came here."

"Donald, did you ever see this before?" asked Elaine as she held out an odd bracelet.

Don stared at the bracelet and then exclaimed, "Why! my mother had one the very image of it!"

"Have you got a watch of your father's?" asked Elaine.

"Why, yes," said Don.

"Open the back of it," she commanded.

Don did as he was bid and there staring out at them was a picture of a young girl of about twenty-five.

"That is my mother," said Elaine.

"What!" gasped Donald. "You, my sister?"

"Yes," answered Elaine. "My name is Elaine Rogers. I went under the name of Elaine Denver because that was the name of the woman who adopted me."

The questions and answers that were

crammed into the next hour fully convinced each other that they were brother and sister.

"But," said Elaine, "if Mr. McLane left you nothing, where did you get all the money?"

"Oh, I forgot about that. The day before I got out of prison, father's old lawyer came to see me. It seemed that a long time ago father invested some money in some stock which was afterward said to be worthless. Father thought no more about it. Then it suddenly was found that the stock was of great value, so that's where I got the

money. Half of it shall be yours now."

"But," inquired Elaine, "I suppose Mr. McLane's money which was left to Frank will come to you now?"

"I suppose it will come to me, now," said Don thoughtfully. "But if it does I'll build a Home for Orphans with it."

"Well the world is certainly made up of one act of Fate after another," concluded Don as he flung his arm around Elaine.

"Yes," responded Elaine, "and Fate is often kinder than we think."

GERTRUDE MAIER.

A Tale of Woe

The wind blew cold, the snow blew round,
As winter held the season;
Jack Frost daubed up the window panes
For some peculiar reason.

The folks had just burned up the coal,
Expecting warmer weather.
They now moped round, their bodies clad
In fur and wool and leather.

They tried their utmost to keep warm,
They ate hot chili sauces
And fiery hot red pepper pods
To keep aside remorse.

Their chilled-up bones did not howe'er
Warm up as they expected;
In spite of all their efforts vain
They sat there, cold, dejected.

Mama, that night, brought forth a plan,—
She got the children's wagons
And piled them high with skiis and skates,
Sleds, snowshoes and toboggans.

Papa went to the pawnshop, near,
And pawned the once-dear treasures.
The need of coal plus ready cash
Drove them to urgent measures.

That very night they left for South,
Here ends this tale romantic;
They fan themselves with palm-leaf fans
And bathe in the warm Atlantic.

CECELIA EKHOLM, '23.

House-Hunting

IT was just before supper that Sally showed me the letter. Sally is my wife, and a very good little wife she is, usually carrying quite a lot of common sense in that little blonde head of hers.

But I must say Sally did not show much reasoning when she presented me with that letter just after I had come from the office, with a hard day's work done, and ready to eat a house. I maintain till this

day that if Sally had waited until I was comfortably settled with my pipe and paper we should still be living in our cozy little bungalow on the Drive. But when a hungry, tired man is confronted with the statement that "owing to the high cost of living, etc. your rent will be \$45, beginning the first of September," he is hardly in the mood to submit weakly to such robbery. Therefore, Sunday afternoon found Sally and me engaged in that most pleasant of occupations, house-hunting.

First let me ask you—did you ever go house-hunting? If you did not, I assure you that you have missed a very enjoyable pastime.

You start out on a fair Sunday afternoon, much pleased with the fiery speech you have just made to your landlord, and your dignified acquiescence to his request that you vacate within two weeks. First you take a look at a magnificent and spacious abode with polished floors and winding staircases. Very pretty—but a little too "steep." Oh, well—the wife is a little disappointed, but you promise her one equally fine. The next moment she goes into ecstasies over a "perfectly dinky" little bungalow with white woodwork and brick fireplaces. Your imagination pictures it completely furnished—this could be the den, with leather chairs and a writing-desk, and this—wait a moment. How much? Seventy-five? Heavens—never! Well—still buoyant and cheerful, you continue on your way, examining one charming dwelling after another, from colonial mansions to third-floor apartments. But—this one is taken, that one costs too much, a party is considering a third. You arrive home at last. Home—now you wish you never had to leave it. "But never mind, we'll look again. Anything's better than to give in," you say

to yourself. And the next night the quest is again begun, hope renewed in your heart.

And so it continues, through dark and dismal days, hope growing fainter and fainter. You become cross and ugly toward the whole world, including yourself. The comfortable bungalow which two weeks before you had been so eager to leave seems like a vision of Eden to your tired brain. And, all in all, you are ready to give up the battle.

It was Friday morning. By Saturday night we must have vacated the only home we had ever known. As I stumbled over packing-cases and rolled-up rugs on my way to the front door Sally called after me, "You'd better see the landlord about accepting his terms."

"See the landlord!" "Accept terms!" These words were ringing in my mind during the entire morning. To go to that insufferable cad and declare myself beaten! It was impossible. But it had to be done—"the sooner the quicker," as my office-boy would say.

With a sigh of defeat I started to pick up my hat. The telephone bell broke in upon my meditations. Warily I picked up the receiver. Sally's voice came over the wire—eager yet hesitant.

"I—I've got an apartment, dear. It—it's not in a very nice place, and it's awfully small—but—"

But I was running down the stairs three at a time—"small"—"not very nice"—pooh, who cared?

All this happened a month ago. As I think it all over I am sitting in my Morris chair in a two-by-four room. Sally sits beside me, darning socks. Our chairs and a small round table are all the furniture the room holds. On one side built into the wall is a cupboard with many shelves and drawers, where all our household necessities are kept. Next to this

is a door leading to a room about one-half as large as the one we occupy. In this is a bed and chair, with a narrow space between. From this room a door leads into an even smaller bath.

I start, as an electric car crashes past the window. Yawning, I rise, squeeze

between Sally and the table, and bending my head, pass through the door of the bedroom. Here I pause and survey our home with a smile of satisfaction. Such is the fate of the house-hunter.

CLAIRE SULLIVAN, '23.

In the Good Old Days

IT was on a hot mid-day in July when a silent file of four Indians passed through the forest at a rapid rate. Their faces and hands were gaudily painted, and with their big feathery headdresses and buckskin suits they looked the part they were playing in the forest. Between the Indians marched two white girl captives who were hurried along by the push and pull of the savages. Their babies had been slain by the Indians because they hindered the progress of the march. After walking about three blocks, which is about a mile in a big city, the leader, Black Bear, called a halt.

Here they tied the girls to some trees and then they ate their dinners, not giving any to the captives. After dinner they held a council to decide what to do with the prisoners. After much gesticulating and arguing they finally decided to burn the two girls. Stakes were driven into the ground and the two girls were tied to them while some brush was piled around them.

Again the leader, Black Bear, called his three warriors, Barefoot, Pine Tree and the Crow together for a final conference.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when the four Indians began their war dance. Round and round they went, yelling, shrieking and jumping high in the air.

Meanwhile the girls had not said anything, but at this decided turn of affairs their fears vanished, and one of them said, "You let us alone, Tom Reynolds and Bobby Perkins, or we'll tell our mothers who stole the cookies they made."

"Yes, and we want our dolls back, Jimmy Jones and Johnny Pratt," wailed the other girl.

Under this double demand and threat, the four boys untied the girls and led them home.

"They're awful cowards, ain't they, fellers?" said Tommy Reynolds afterwards.

"Yah!" said the other three.

Then they went home.

EUGENE POTTER, '24.

Sir Kenneth De Boverly

PAPER NO. II

IN the last paper I assured my readers of a fuller disclosure of the "Spectator's Club" and its members. Therefore if my ink and my mind hold out

I will endeavor to fulfill my promise. In the first place it might be well to know a little of the club-rooms on account of the effect they have on the club and

its members. We have a fine suite on the second floor of the Fallsworthy Building, which is situated on stately Beaconwealth Avenue in the heart of bustling Boston. As we sit in the spacious upholstered armchairs in the main clubroom and glance out of one of the tall windows between their rich maroon draperies, we see besides the passing people on Beaconwealth Avenue, the Public Gardens of the city of Boston. It can easily be seen that in such a location in the city and such a location in an armchair of our quiet and pleasant clubroom, food for thought and meditation is never lacking, and no subject is ever brought up that is not submitted to a serious and analgtical discussion before it is dismissed.

As for the other members of the club—besides the worthy Sir Kenneth and myself, there is another gentleman who occupies a very prominent place in our little circle. By name he is Arthur Howe Lodge, and by personality he is an ideal companion. His name is not unknown in the field of 'earning and his master mind makes him the bright light in our club. "The Professor," as he is intimately caled by the club members, is a well built man with a most remarkable face. The first glance at his features gives one the impression of great resource, keen thought, and a vast amount of common sense. Looking at him longer his attitude makes a deep impression. He seems to be always using his mind and considering some subject or other. "The Professor" is a graduate of Exeter, Dartmouth College, and Harvard Theological School. He commands the admiration and respect of all the club members as he does that of everyone with whom he comes in contact.

The fourth member is a considerably younger man and a recent addition to our club. As we have not had a chance

to know him thoroughly ourselves, I will omit a more detailed description. He carries himself well and has a sound mind and attractive personality, which were enough to secure his admission to the club.

It was a dreary afternoon in the small numbers of January when one of Boston's typical vibrating taxis left me at the door of the club. Finding no one there yet but "the Professor," who was deep in one of the latest books on Psychology and Auto-Suggestion, I strolled to the window. The usual unending stream of pedestrians was making its way slowly and precariously up the street and through the great sloughs of slush which were in such abundance all over the city. It was practically impossible to keep on good footing and it was an interesting study to watch the people in their various styles propel themselves along the street. The sky was still grey and a sleety drizzle was turning the abundant snow into more rich and sloshy slush. Suddenly I spied Sir Kenneth making his way up the street from the direction of the subway station a block away. He was swinging along in his usual carefree manner, not giving a whit for the weather or the walking. His usual infectious smile was in evidence and he seemed to leave a wake of better feeling and cheerfulness behind him.

In a moment Sir Kenneth breezed into the room and, as he tossed his dripping mackintosh and hat to the boy, he exclaimed with much vigor and enthusiasm, "Well, boys, now doesn't this beat a Hungarian Eskimo crossing the Sahara on a frog's stick and an empty stomach?" The oppressive atmosphere perceptibly lightened after Sir Kenneth came and he kept our attention for a while with his witty sayings and anecdotes.

"The Professor" remarked that if there

were a few more people in the city like Sir Kenneth, it would be a better place to live in, and Sir Kenneth added most people's frames of mind were like picture-frames; that is, not only square but one-sided.

"In this day and age of hurry, hurry, hurry," said Sir Kenneth, "one of the most remarkable wants of the world is that of sound thinking. Too many people think that to merely sit and think is a waste of time. This is a great wrong if the thinking is along the right line. In the day of highest culture, the Greek and Roman philosophers spent most of their days in thinking, and we still have the monuments of literature they left. We have our fine thinkers of to-day, but as for the majority of people, beneficial thinking and the deliberate formation of sound opinions are lost arts."

"Yes," said "The Professor," "there are few people and especially few young people who realize the value of meditation. If they do realize it, they are certainly prone to make use of it. A man who is a sound thinker is practically sure of being a successful, upright man. As Carlyle expressed it in his essay in Burns, 'A man of strong understanding is usually a man of strong character.' The value of thinking is even more important to young people because they are just at the stage where they have many decisions to make. It is at this time that a little serious thinking and a little sound reasoning, or the lack of it, may have a great effect on their future happiness. The value of sound reasoning in young people cannot be too strongly emphasized."

"Well, it seems to me," said Sir Kenneth, "that the art of thinking is a great deal like a wooden leg. It is entirely indispensable in its proper place. But when a wooden leg is used for a skull-cracker it is not the proper place and thinking may follow bad lines as well as good if we are not careful.

"As is the way with many useful things; they can be used for good or bad. Take, for example, fire, electricity, water-power, chemicals and even such a common thing as a rifle. Many a man in the olden days owed his life to his rifle; but as the story goes, there was a boy who didn't owe his life to his rifle, but he paid it nevertheless. I believe the ditty goes like this:

'Boy, gun; joy, fun!
Gun bust; boy dust.' "

"Let us have a few fast rubbers of whist to liven up an exceedingly drab afternoon," spoke up "The Professor" after a short silence. "I am aching to put my wits against those of Sir Kenneth in a good fast game."

"By my grandfather's coat-tails, that is a fine idea," quoth Sir Kenneth. "But I will go you one better to show you my confidence. I suggest that the losers in this royal game provide the gasoline chariot, a supper for all at 'Poor Peter's Pie Parlor' at the conclusion of this affair."

"Done!" agreed "The Professor."

"Boy," called Sir Kenneth, "bring on a table and the 'fifty-two fickle fiends of fortune,' and let me see whether the dame will favor me this weird afternoon."

MADISON AND SPEELE

A Midnight Adventure

'Twas the midnight before mid-year's,
and all thru the room
Were clouds of the darkest and deadliest
gloom.
On the table before me the books were
piled high,
The old clock struck twelve, and I roused
with a sigh.

"If only I had those verbs straight in my
head,
I believe I could pass it," I wearily said.
"But I *can't* see the difference between
them, it seems,
And I don't know what one single one of
them means."

All at once, as I sat there, the leaves of
the book
Seemed to flutter and fly, and the letters
all shook,
And out on the table before me there
stepped
Such a curious crowd that I laughed 'till
I wept.

'Twas a bunch of small people, but one
inch in height,
A truly wierd and ridiculous sight.
They were all dressed in costumes of very
bright red,
With their names in gilt letters on bands
'round their heads.

There were old Mr. DID and his little
DONE,
There were Mrs. I AM and BE, her small
son,
And all the rest of the troublesome ones,
With their mothers and fathers and
daughters and sons.

'Till soon they were all very straight in
my mind
And I thanked them and said, "You're
exceedingly kind."
But at that they ran back and hopped
into the book,
And each disappeared in some corner or
nook.

I woke up to find the sun thru the pane
And to see I was really quite perfectly
sane,
And my midnight adventure not really a
jest,
For that day in school I passed every test.
CLAIRE SULLIVAN, '23.

The "Nothing" Hour

SOME people seem to think I have
very little to do, just because they
happen to come at a certain part of the
day and find me staring idly out-of-doors,
but I don't. Therefore I shall outline
my working day for you. In the morning
I get up very early—so early that I have
just an hour in which to do my Latin.

I always do my Latin then because my
mind is clear and almost eager to study.
Then I spend a nerve-racking day in
school and return with an enormous
armful of books. I sort these out with
a sort of woebegone feeling, wondering
if I shall ever get my lessons done.

Before doing my lessons I spend until

three or four o'clock doing household tasks which have been assigned to me. By the time I have finished these my mind is in some far-off place, jumbled full of all sorts of ideas and nonsense pertaining to school and life in general.

It is at this time, between work and work again, that I enjoy and have what I call the "nothing" hour. The reason I call it so is that I spend the time doing nothing and it is then I give my mind a chance to do anything it wishes. I go into this reverie by degrees but can never afterward describe the exact moment when my wits depart from me. Sometimes I think that if a fire should break out all around me, my mind would still keep on wandering, letting me come to a sad and probably painful end.

During my absence from the every-day world my mind acts in a perfectly natural way—the way the minds of our ancestors, who lived several ages before the Stone Age, acted because they had nothing special to think about. It goes from one thing to another. I usually sit by an open window overlooking the main street and allow my eyes also to rove absently from one thing to another, taking

in a great deal and bothering to transfer the sights to my mind to reason the why and wherefore of them. I see a little boy skipping along the sidewalk, sucking a sweet-looking lollypop; an automobile passing by and also passing over a tack or something which causes it to emit a loud whistle, probably indicating a punctured tire; a street car, stopping at the switch, children packing into it, pushing and punching each other and acting generally concerned about getting home; a red, yellow and brown leaf, descending with a sweep from a tree, rattling across the street in a sort of stop-and-start fashion and finally lodging in a crack in the sidewalk. Suddenly I'm interrupted by the loud ringing of the telephone, which I mechanically pick up and at which I dreamily say, "Hello," until I'm connected with somebody who returns the salute and my brain collects its scattered thoughts and centers itself upon the anonymous speaker. The message written down and my mind having come to life once more, the moments become busy again until I go to bed, and rest and awake and begin anew.

CECELIA EKHOLM, '23.

A Winter's Sunrise

1.

It was dark and silent just before dawn
When out of the east a faint light shone,
Lighter and lighter it rapidly grew
Till the sky was changed to a cold gray
hue.

2.

A flash of gold, now one of red,
The sun arose and a glory shed
With melted gold and rosy pink glow,
Softly tinging a world of snow.

3.

The bushes and trees were each loaded
down
With great sparkling diamonds like those
in a crown,
And the sunshine cast a silvery sheen
O'er all of the glorious winter scene.

MARY BALBONI, '25.

Dorothy's Dream

“DOR-O-THY! Hurry, will you? It's seven o'clock!”

“Uh-huh,” sighed Dorothy as she stifled another yawn.

Mrs. Paine walked into the bedroom in a very brisk manner, which suggested to Dorothy a cold water application to her face and neck—a method of awakening that her mother often used; instead of this, Mrs. Paine was in a terrible hurry to catch the early morning train for the city.

“Now listen to me, Dorothy. I've got very little time to talk and I want you to do so many things today. First, you must help Nora with the dishes and clean up your room. Also, I want you to do some errands for me and I've got them written down here, see? and Dorothy, please get up *now* so you won't be late for school.”

She kissed her daughter and hurried downstairs and out of doors.

“Ho hum! I'm not much tired, oh no! Guess I'll take a five-minute nap.”

“Dor-o-ty! Dorothy! Be you comin' down or air you awaitin' fer my assistance? Yer maw give me permission to douse you with this wash rag ef you ain't down here in five minutes!” shouted Nora in her falsetto voice.

“I'm comin' fast's I can! Leave me alone for goodness's akes! Can't you see I'm comin'?” cried the wearied one.

“Wal, all I kin say is that ef you air late fer school today you'll get yours all right, all right. You know what Mr. Hill said an' I aint agoin' to holler at you no longer. You better get up right now Dorothy! Your breakfast is stone cold!”

Bang went the kitchen door. Nora went on about her work while Dorothy's eyes shut tight as she tried to get in her last five minutes' rest.

Ten minutes had gone by before someone disturbed the child's slumber. Dorothy looked up and saw a dark creature who resembled a ghost, only he was black.

“Who are you?” screamed the frightened Dorothy.

In a deep even-toned voice the ghost drawled out, “I am the Ghost of Tardiness. I have come to punish you for your absence and tardiness from school.”

He yanked her by the hand and flung her out of the window and on the street. She was terribly hurt and cold, but the beast flew after her and started to pull her towards the school.

“Let go of me!” shrieked Dorothy as she gave one leap into the air and ran as fast as she could toward the opposite direction. But the ever-persisting creature was at her heels with his big claw-like hands ready to grab her any minute. She stumbled several times and her legs ached terribly. She felt as though a heavy ball was chained to her feet because they could not go as fast as she wanted them to. At last she got entirely exhausted and her legs gave way as she sank into nothingness. Down, down, down. She did not wake until a long, long time afterwards.

When at last she opened her eyes, she saw that she was in a dark room. She felt around the walls and noticed how cold and icy they were. She was in a prison dungeon. Oh! How cruel! Where was the door? Her hand touched a knob. Her heart leaped. Yes, it was the knob of a door. She tried it, and, lo and behold, it opened very easily; but who should be on the other side but the Ghost of Tardiness himself. He pushed her back into the cell and her head struck the cement floor. Oh, how it ached!

“You shall stay there and await your

time of execution," growled the creature. "You shall never have a chance to disobey the Laws of your school again. First of all, you are to stay in this Death Chamber ten days, without food or water, and perhaps during that period of time you will think back how wicked you have been all your life!"

With that, the Ghost of Tardiness locked the door and disappeared to the Land of Nowhere.

Dorothy spent her leisure hours in crying. She could not see and she was petrified. Oh, if she could only beg the mercy of the Ghost of Tardiness and tell him that she would never be late to school again. But alas! He was gone.

While she sat huddled in one corner, light footsteps could be heard coming towards the cell. A light "rap rap" on the door then followed and Dorothy answered, "C-c-come in." Then she felt for the door knob but could not open the door, while the person outside lit his lantern and unfastened the bolt.

The door was swung open and there before her eyes was the most charmingly costumed young man!

"My Prince Charming!" cried Dorothy as she fell in to his outstretched arms. "You have come to save me from this terrible beast! Oh, how wonderful!"

He lifted her in his strong arms and whispered, "My poor little girl!" and kissed her tearful cheek.

Out of the dungeon he took her and up, up, up to Mother Earth and all her glory. The bright lights dazzled Dorothy,

but she was superbly happy, oh, so happy in those masterful arms!

He was silent all the way to his castle, but so wonderful, so exquisite and handsome—to Dorothy.

When he went to lay her down on the richly made cushions of his furnishings in the castle, she shrieked, "Oh, oh, don't let me go! I'm dying! Oh! oh! oh!"

*The Prince faded away. The castle faded away, everything grew misty for Dorothy.

She seemed to be falling, falling, until she ended up with a hard bump and found herself sitting on the floor by her bed crying, "Yes, yes, Nora, I'm coming at once!"

She was fully awake by this time, and gathered her clothes ready to put on as her brain whirled in the excitement of her expeditions through slumberland.

Her whole life seemed to change in those few moments; never again would she be tardy; she would arise the moment she was called hereafter.

Breathlessly she finished her toilet and descended to the kitchen. She grabbed a muffin, swallowed a glass of milk and flew out to the street and on to the school-house.

The last bell was ringing ominously as she rounded the last corner and stopped just as she entered the door and passed the principal, who remarked with a slight frown, "**Almost** tardy again, Miss Paine."

"Yes—yes—I know; but I'll never let it happen again Mr. Hill!"

VIRGINIA LAYTON, '23.

Vocation

One night I had a wonderful dream,
A dream so vivid and fair!
I heard a knock and went to the door
And Vocation was standing there.

She smiled and beckoned for me to come,
And I followed her through the night;
She kept far before me all the time,
Though I hurried with all my might.

| | |
|--|--|
| <p>She fluttered along through the city streets Knocking at doors here and there, And all of the people she chanced to meet She would beckon with winning air.</p> | <p>I followed her on for hours and hours And wearily wished to turn back, But still I kept on and persistently vowed Not to stop till I reached the right track.</p> |
|--|--|

Then all of a sudden Vocation stood still
At the gates of a wonderful place.
"In here," cried she, "are the fruits of
success,

The prizes for winning life's race."

THELMA THOMPSON, '24.

Male Vanity

THE prize for the possession of vanity in the highest degree has invariably been awarded to the feminine world. I herewith declare, however, that the judges have been biased and have made an unjust and erroneous award. Although in these days men are comparatively inconspicuous as concerns beauty of attire, let us not suppose that masculine vanity is altogether missing.

In primitive times, who wore the finest bear skin? The cave man. His woman was an unimportant mortal, held in subjection. It was the man who held first place as the ornament of a family.

Who among the Indians were most inclined to bright feathers and beads? The men! The garments of the most beautiful girl of the tribe could not compete in ornateness with those of a skilled warrior.

In the realm of nature, who is recognized by his bright plumage? The male species. How much more ostentatious is the male pheasant than his mate, and how much more proudly he flaunts his plumage!

In colonial days, what frills and furbelows delighted the hearts of our forefathers! Did not those knee-length breeches show to advantage many a well-shaped leg?

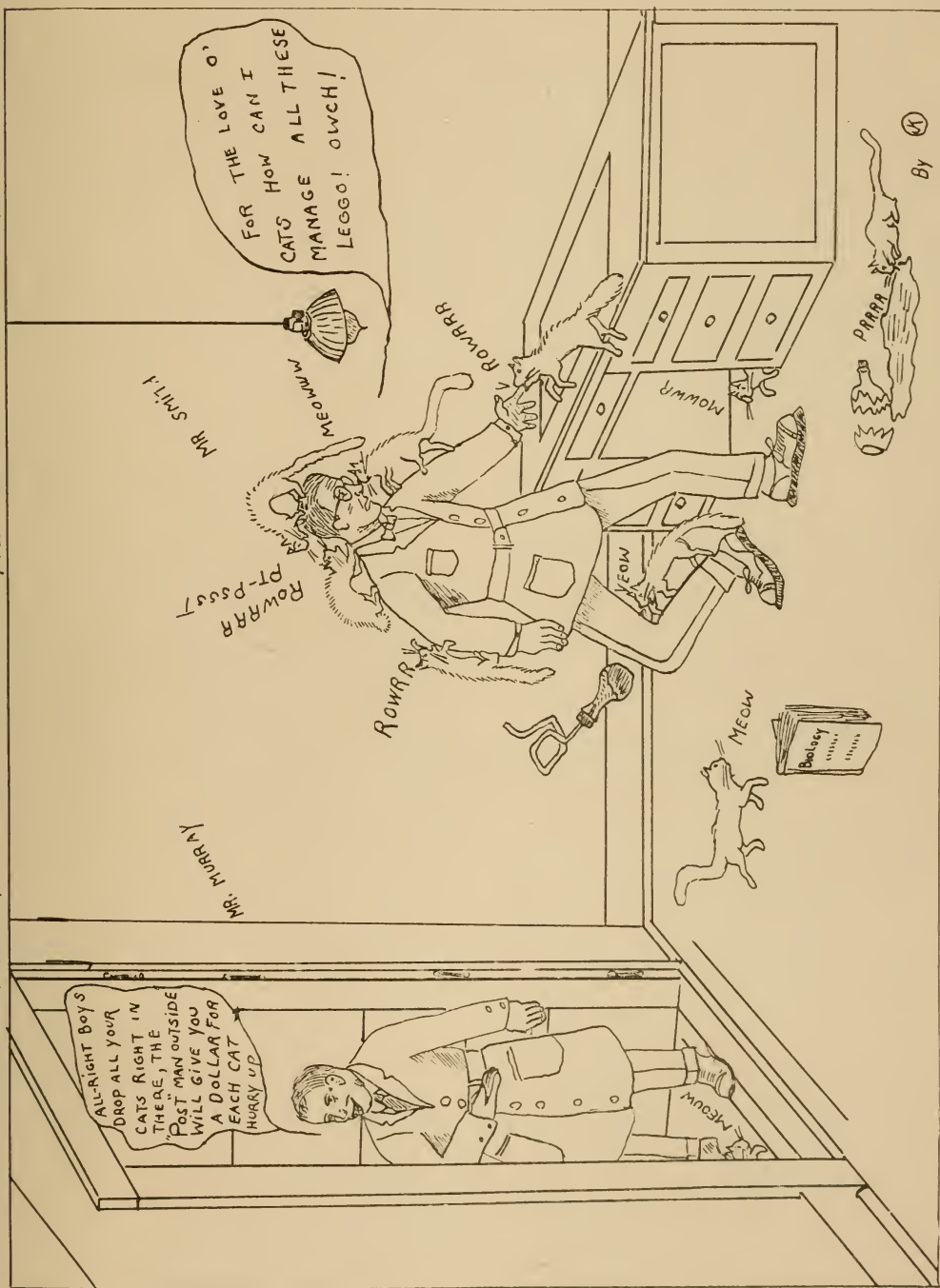
In the present day, it appears that men have forsaken all their former glory. But ponder a while. Does not masculine vanity still make itself apparent in dozens of little ways? Have you ever remarked a man buying a necktie? With what care does he choose the proper style and texture! He may not admit it, but he considers long whether blue or gray is a better match for his eyes—whether a bow tie or a flowing neckpiece best emphasizes his type of good looks. He also exerts great care in donning this article. What miraculous twists and turns before it merits the satisfied smile of its owner!

Man's vanity is also denoted by his hair comb. The prevailing style is a parting down the middle. Not long ago was the pompadour in vogue. What sacrifices of natural curls and becoming cowlicks are placed on the altar of masculine vanity!

The fastidious dresser spares no trouble to acquire a hat to match his stockings. Of course both these articles are of the prevailing texture!

Sport exerts a great influence in determining men's styles. For instance, note the knickers and woolen socks now in vogue. What opportunity has a man to

HOW MANY CATS WOULD HE GIVE MR. SMITH??



IF MR. MURRAY WON THE MILLIONAIRE-A-DAY CONTEST

give way to his vanity on the golf links! There bright plaids may be worn without temerity.

Colleges have much to do in shaping new fads. The newest hair comb, or latest wrinkle in coats invariably originate among the college type, and each innovation is pounced upon with secret joy by the more conservative members of society. It is rumored that a certain western college has adopted bell-shaped trousers, following a recent performance of Rodolph Valentino in the vicinity. How long before we shall see a return to the fashion of the Spanish cavalier?

Can we not see a motive in the unusual costumes adopted by various masculine associations? Who can witness a parade of the "Shriners" and not accuse the wearers of that magnificent plumage of vanity?

Finally, who patronizes gum-chewing slots most faithfully? The men, of course. But is it always for the purpose of obtaining a small, penny confection? Personally, I think it is simply to obtain a reassuring glimpse that Mr. Man's hat is on at the proper angle, or that his tie is straight!

E. HILL, '23.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Un Petit Garçon et Un Carnet

Jean Lore fut un pauvre garçon vers neufs ans. Il n'eut pas un père et sa mère était malade toujours. Il y eut aussi une petite soeur, Laure, qui eut cinq ans.

Tous les jours Jean vendit des journaux et apporta ses gages à sa mère, tandis que sa soeur resta à la maison avec sa mère malade.

Un jour Jean, en vendant ses journaux, vit un carnet tomber de la poche d'un homme qui fut pressé. L'homme ne nota pas qu'il perdit son carnet et il continua la route. Jean ramassa le carnet et en l'ouvrant trouva, à son surprise, dix notes de vingt dollars. Deux cents notes! Comme il serait riche et comme il ferait heureux sa mère et sa soeur! Maintenant avec tout cet argent sa mère serait guérie.

Alors Jean se rappela que cet argent ne fut pas le sien. Il connut que sa mère ne désirerait pas qu'il tint cet argent. En mettant le carnet dans sa poche, il décida d'annoncer dans le journal pour le possesseur.

Ce soir quand Jean dit à sa mère de sa découverte, elle le louva pour sa honnêteté.

Pendant deux jours Jean ne reçut pas une réponse à l'avertissement et il s'en étonna. Le troisième jour quand Jean retourna à la maison il y trouva un homme bien mis qui avait de bons yeux. Après avoir salué Jean, il dit qu'il vint parcequ'il a vu l'avertissement. Il ne vint pas demander son argent mais ne louer que Jean pour sa honnêteté.

L'homme donna à Jean l'argent comme une récompense et Jean acquérit un ami.

. . . C'est avec la bonne foi qu'on va le plus loin.

BELLA FIREMAN, '24.

El Pais Antiguo de Espana

España es un país antiguo, pero, es muy pinturesco y interesante à estudiar. España es prominente historicamente tambien. Los árabes fueron á España en el siglo ocho, y tuvieron posesión de casi todo el peninsular por mucho tiempo. Estuvieron allí por ocho siglos. Granada fué su fortaleza final. Fué conquistado

por Fernando y Isabel en el año mil cuatro ciento noventa y dos (el mismo año en que Colombo descubrió América). En Granada está el Alhambra, una arquitectura muy hermosa con sus esculturas. Pertenece a los árabes.

Los parques que están en Madrid son hermosos. Los nobles, montados á caballo, parecen pompos y grandes en sus vestidos oficiales, cuando cabalgan por los parques. Las mujeres españolas se visten en colores vivos.

Madrid, el capital, está situada en una mesa en el centro del país. Las ciudades principales son, Barcelona, Madrid y Sevilla.

¿Irá usted con mi a España pronto?

Les Pirates

Georges et Henri passèrent l'été au bord de la mer. Ils s'amuserent très bien. Tous les jours ils nageaient et ramaient et jouaient sur le bord de la mer. Le jeu le plus favori était imaginer qu'ils étaient des pirates.

Un jour quand les enfants jouaient ce jeu, Henri cria, "Regardez, Georges, voilà une caisse d'un pirate parmi des rocs là-bas! Elle est venue à la plage d'un navire," Georges regarda et il vit une boîte vieille et battue qui était couverte de l'algue. "Essayons de l'ouvrir," il cria, et les deux enfants coururent à la boîte. Après avoir brisé la serrure avec des rocs, ils levèrent le couvert avec beaucoup d'agitation, et que pensez-vous qu'ils y trouvèrent?

La boîte appartient à un pecheur et elle était remplie de peignes.

HARRIET GAY, '24.

"Forsan et Haec Olim Meminisse Iuvabit"

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit"—i.e., perhaps at some future

time it may be pleasant to recall these things. There are many, many famous lines in the "Aeneid": "dis alites visus" (the gods saw otherwise), "timeo Danaos et dona ferentis" (I fear the Greeks and especially when they come bearing gifts), "quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacre fames! (What do you not do to the hearts of men, accursed hunger for gold!), and many others. There is none, however, which may be used to so good an advantage or which expresses such a cheerful and helpful philosophy as "forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit." If with this line Aeneas could cheer up hundreds of disheartened and discouraged men, shipwrecked and friendless in a foreign land, it must be worth our while to give this philosophy at least a trial in our own lives. Let us, then, the next time we are discouraged and blue, smile and say—"forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

BARBARA BARR, '23.

L'Annee Dix-neuf Cent Vingt-trois

Le Père de temps a pris son sablier et il est allé à la vallée des mémoires heureux et la petite nouvelle année est venue.

La vieille année a eu de la peine en contrôlant les grèves et les pauvres conditions des affaires. Il y avait un très pauvre service des chemins de fer en ces derniers jours. Les chemins de fer étaient deux ou trois heures en retard quelquefois.

On dit qu'on ne doit pas être à la barrière vers une heure après l'heure quand le chemin de fer doit arriver ordinairement. Les conditions étaient très mauvaises pour ne rien dire de plus.

Maintenant, comme nous avons dit au-dessus, la nouvelle année est venue.

Il est de bonne heure pour décider, mais l'année promet de bonnes recettes. "Les conditions des affaires seront meilleures, les chemins de fer seront à l'heure, les grèves seront fixés, et les conditions généralement arrangeront elles-mêmes," un homme des affaires dit.

Dix-neuf cent vingt-trois sera très occupée et favorable.

MARGARET COSTELLO, '24.

"Les Big Three"

"Les Big Three" se sont évanouis de l'histoire du monde. Avec la résignation de Monsieur Lloyd George "les big three" du monde retournèrent à la vie privée. "Les Big Three" furent Monsieur Clemenceux, Monsieur Wilson, et Monsieur Lloyd George. Le Premier fut le premier ministre de la France et Monsieur Wilson fut le président des Etats-Unis et ce dernier fut le premier de l'Angleterre, et ils furent les trois grands hommes dans la Guerre mondiale. Mais! Voilà! il ne sont plus de conducteurs du monde parcequ'ils ne sont que de citoyens privés qui demeureront toujours dans la salle de renommée.

F. H., '23.

The Song of Our Latin Class

"Perge modo!" exhorts our scribe.
 "Persevere, bear on and strive!"
 And so we studied year by year,
 Until we reached great Vergil's sphere.

And now by dint of greater toil
 We wrestle with our daily moil,
 And struggle for a gracious "A",—
 "Dis aliter visum"—the gods say nay.

"Sunt lacrimae rerum" affords us comfort.
 So "Et mentem mortalia tangunt."
 For others our hard task realize,
 And they with us do sympathize.

"Tros Tyruisque mihi nullo
 Discrimine agetur." 'Tis just. Oh!
 But when we vainly try and trust
 Kind fate, why can't she favor us!

Since "Una salus victis nulla
 Sperare salutem" is the rule, ah!
 We hope no more than we deserve
 And try our knowledge to conserve.

"Dux femina facti" 's truthful indeed,
 For boy Latin students there surely is
 need,
 And so we maidens do now head the class,
 Although our lone male is *not quite* the
 last.

When we would feign give up the fight,
 Wise Vergil makes our task seem light.
 "Forsan et haec olim mem-
 inisse iuvabit!" we all exclaim.

EDITH HILL.

Potesne?

Caesar uno tempore dixit, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

Si plures nostri dicere potuerunt, "Veni, vidi, vici officia mea," sit mirum. Sed cum magno dolore dico plurimos id non dicere posse. Potesne?

G. P., '25.

Espanol y Patinando

¡Qué título tonto! usted dirá. ¿Que tiene un a hacer con el otro? ¿Ha usted sentado nunca en una libería cómoda, caliente en una noche fría con su libro de español? Yo creo que sí. Yo determinaba estudiar mi lección de español y me quedaba en la casa. Abriendo mi libro a la lección empezaba a traducir. Visiones de un lago con superficie unida y cristaleno en la noche de luna vino delante de mis ojos. Quería sacar la idea de patinando de mi cabeza pero la

visión venía siempre. Próximo determinaba concluir la lección y entonces iría a patinar. Miraba al reloj. Fueron las siete y media. Miraba al español. Había todavía dos páginas más a estudiar. Sería las ocho antes que yo pudiese concluir la lección. Acababa de empezar la lección otra vez cuando oí alguien a la puerta. Entraron mis amigos ¡Hola Clara! Quiero usted venir a patinar con nosotros? ¡Es bueno! Ponía el libro en la mesa entonces me ponía el sombrero y la chaqueta. Tomando mis patines, corría de la casa y al lago. El proxima día cuando venía a la clase de español—Bien eso es otra historia que usted puede imaginarse.

CLARA GLEICHAUF, '24.

Eeitne Alium Bellum

Milites ad Germaniam iterum mittuntur. Nostri milites, qui habuerunt militiam multos annos ad Rhenum, ob

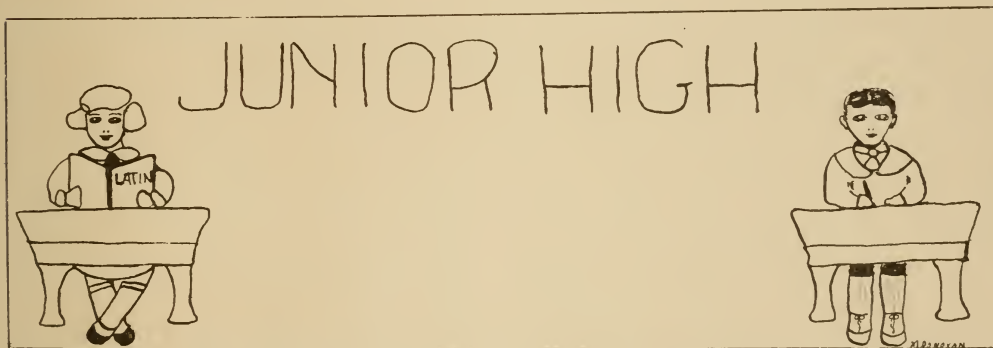
imperium nostri primi civis deducti sunt. Belgium, Italia et Gallia (France) imperaverunt copiis ut adirent fines Germanorum. Belgae traduxerunt suas copias ultra fines Germaniae, quod multo terruit cives, et Galli traducunt suas copias. Germanorum copiae sunt nunc minus quam milibus passuum octo et Belgis. Omnis haec contentio est de stipendio Germanorum, proximi belli.

M. CAVERLY, Jan. 16, 1922.

N. H. S. et Sui Hostes

N. H. S. superabit omnes hostes qui eas oppugnabunt in pila. Pueri ex N. H. S. pugnabunt cum virtute et studio contra earum hostes. Quotannis superabunt et appellobuntur dux civitatis omnes pueri et puellae in N. H. S. dabunt easum auxilium et cum easum auxilio et puerarum pugna superabunt omnes suos hostes.

JOSEPH SULLY WACHS.



School Organization

THE Norwood Junior High School is about to adopt a form of pupil participation in school government. Each home room is to be a unit of government in itself.

The temporary officers are elected by the pupils and consist of a Chairman and

Ballot Committee. The chairman is to assume charge of the room during the nomination and election of permanent officers and remains in charge of the organization until the permanent officers take charge. The ballot committee is to prepare ballots, assist the chairman

in control of elections, count ballots and announce the results.

The names of the permanent officers have to be submitted to each teacher and posted on the bulletin board for several days, for no pupil is eligible for any office who is not in perfectly good standing. The permanent officers are: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer.

The duties of the President are to take charge of all meetings, to conduct class if for any reason the teacher leaves the room or is absent. The Vice-President assumes the duties of the President when the latter is absent. The Secretary keeps all records of his room, posts all bulletins, has charge of paper supplies and material for the school paper. The Treasurer has to collect all funds of the organization. No rule or law formulated by the room or school shall be in force until it has received the approval of the room, teacher and principal. We hope that this new form of school government will be a success in every way.

Later a general assembly will be organized which will consist of one, two or three delegates, elected by ballot from each room of the three grades. This assembly will legislate for the entire school organization, make rules governing the playground and corridors, and appropriate school funds for use by the school. It will also have charge of athletic and social organizations and activities, and in general assist the teaching force in bringing the morale of the school to a high standard.

The teachers and principal will have absolute power of veto over any proposition formulated. It is hoped that this plan will make the members of the school feel that they are a part of it, and should have its interests and welfare at heart as much as anyone; also, that they are

responsible, in a measure, for this welfare, and are actively engaged in promoting it. Their judgments are usually far more severe than those of the teachers and we believe that when given this responsibility, they will accept it willingly and support it manfully.

ANNA WEISUL.

An Act of Generosity

Not long ago in the "Boston Post" a woman won the "Millionaire a Day" contest. I expected her to go around the city and enjoy all the privileges of a millionaire as many others had done. Instead, she bought presents and candy for the crippled children and delivered them herself.

In this way she was sacrificing her own enjoyment to give pleasure to others. Of all the people that have won this contest, I do not think one other has done a similar act.

ERNEST SHUTE.

Camera Club

THE Norwood Senior-Junior High Camera Club was organized January 9th for the purpose of promoting interest in photography among the students. The club was suggested by Mr. Allen and Mr. Reed and a meeting was held for all interested. At this time twenty-three students enrolled. Mr. Reed spoke briefly on the purpose of the club and then read a set of by-laws which were accepted. The officers of the club were then elected,—Carl Ambrose, President; Pearl Alexander, Vice-President; Frances Johnston, Secretary and Treasurer.

A basement room fitted with sinks and lights has been put at the disposal of the club by Supt. Howes to be used for development. Small monthly dues will

be collected to pay for the apparatus. It has been planned to hold a business meeting the first Tuesday of each month, while the developing room will be open once a week. The club members are limited to twenty-five, but a waiting list may be formed so that if vacancies occur they may be filled immediately.

FRANCES JOHNSTON.

Junior High Basket-Ball

There is not much to be said of the J. H. basket-ball team. There have been but few line-ups made, although a general idea of the players is had by some. It is expected that Harry Berkland will jump center with his supporters picked from a list of several likely candidates.

The J. H. team can hardly be expected to 'equal the example set by their "jail bird" brothers, but they are certainly going out to do their best and may surpass their expectations.

Victorious as we hope, or unsuccessful through no fault of theirs, they will have the full support of the J. H. S. behind them.

The privilege of looking to the "stripers" as big brothers should furnish much of the pep which is such an asset in any kind of sport.

Process of picking the team is under way, the interclass match having begun January 17, when 9B was defeated by 9A by a score of 30-0; 8B defeated 8A 3-0, and on Friday, January 18, when 9C defeated 9D with a score of 17-0.

It has been proposed to charge five cents admission to their games, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the J. H. Association to be used for playground and other purposes connected with the school.

EDWIN H. STONE.

Alice: "Don't you think Miss Gale has fine features?"

Fred: "Yes, especially her nose; she caught me. She said: Whoever is chewing spearmint gum in this room, put it in the waste basket.'"

9A Gossip

Have You Heard:

1. That Joseph Renaghan's motto is "Learn to Smile"?

2. That Zake Moses and Winifred Barrett are having a contest to see who can get the most tardy slips?

3. That James Donohue has a new alarm clock and is getting to school on time now?

4. That Robina Anderson brought a "Ham" to school recently?

5. That Walter Lappin has been appointed dog-catcher for Junior High?

6. That John Walsh is going to be a court stenographer?

7. That the "stars" on the 9A boys' basket-ball team will set when the girls' team begins to "shine"?

8. That Nan Russell recently papered her room with the absent cards she has received this year?

9. That Henry Crosby is janitor of Room 200?

10. That Lewis Corish got to one of his recitations on time this month?

11. That Rachel Tobey has hired a secretary to keep record of her afternoon appointments with the teachers in Junior High?

9C Gossip

We Have Heard:

That Daniel Flaherty came to school on time. This was a mistake on his part.

That "Red" Johnson was on the Honor Roll.

That Ehrie Syverson forgot to say "I don't know" in Civics.

That after four months of school the teachers can't tell the twins, Jimmy and Tommy apart.

That Peg Keohane doesn't know her right hand from her left. Ask Miss Gale, she knows.

That Emelia Carrell is a boisterous young lady.

That Helen Meade never speaks to the gentlemen.

That 9C is going to have a long Honor Roll next month.

That Eddie Abely prepared his home work in Algebra last Thursday.

Myself

MYSELF as seen by my family occupies a large place in the universe. Whenever there is an errand to be done, I seem to be the only one in sight. If my brother breaks one of the best china dishes, I am the only one that was last seen near them. If someone passes a remark on how boys and girls are seen on the streets down town, they think it's a terrible crime and they all look at me.

Myself as seen by my teacher occupies a tiny place in the universe. When I know a question, she never calls on me. When I want something, she never seems to see my hand; but—when I slip in by the skin of my teeth before the last bell rings she preaches so much on the disgrace of tardiness that I feel so tiny I nearly fade from view. When she is making out the marks for the report cards, she seems to remember the times I said, "I don't know" more than she does the times I shone by my brilliance.

Myself as seen by myself is worthy of the largest place in the universe.

When I look back and think of the times when some of the supposed-to-be-brightest pupils in the class failed when I could answer, I rise another notch in my own estimation. I wonder why teachers never think of them when they put down the marks for the report cards.

BARTLEY FOLAN.

9B Gossip

We Have Heard:

That Suany has stopped writing notes.

That Margaret Carpourtz is sitting near Bartley Folan.

That Myrsa Phillips and Eileen Kelley haven't been tardy for twenty-four hours, and that Frances Johnston is to receive a gold medal for the same reason.

That Edwin Stone hasn't combed his hair since the last time.

That Arthur Welch sat straight in his seat for five minutes.

That Edgar Peavey let three minutes elapse without whispering.

That Albert Cormier has stopped buying gum and going to the library at seven-thirty.

What Would You Say

A SENSE of humor is sometimes of great value. If you don't believe it, ask Sam Duncan; it got him a wife. It happened this way. Sam worked for Hans Gugenhiemer, an old German saddlemaker. Hans had a daughter who was much admired by both Sam and John, his fellow worker. Hans was pleased with both men, as he needed a successor in the family business. For picking his son-in-law, he chose a novel method. Calling his employees to him he said, "I vas going to giff you a riddle, und him vat answers it, gets Rosy." The riddle was, "What kind of a hen lays

longest." Poor John pored over poultry books half the night; Sam trusted in sleep to give him his answer. The next morning when Hans said, "Well?" John admitted his failure. Sam thought, and then said, "A dead one."

To this day Sam is not sure whether to bless or curse his sense of humor.

ROBERT L. EDWARDS.

(With apologies to O. Henry.)

Heard in the Science Class

Miss Vose: Did you ever taste of a sour plant?

Joseph Thomas: Yes, a sour-kraut.

* * *

Q. Who is the hardest boy in school?

A. Edwin Stone.

* * *

Miss Smart: "Miss MacNamara, how do you spell your name?"

Miss MacNamara: "Aren't you 'Smart' enough to know?"

* * *

Heard in Ancient History

Teacher: "Why were these called the Homeric poems?"

Daniel Flaherty: "Because they tell about Greek homes."

* * *

Taken from 9D English Papers

An adjective is a word that mortifies a noun or pronoun.

Miss Manchester to Class: "What is meant by involuntary servitude?"

Krusas: "Going to school."

* * *

Teacher to Class, after discussing Biblical reference in *Ivanhoe*: "Why were the lions' mouths closed?"

Paquette: "Perhaps they had lock-jaw or had just been fed and weren't hungry."

* * *

The President has power to emit coins (emit-to cough).

King Winter

King Winter now is near at hand,
To throw a white robe o'er the land.
He bids his servants hurry down
To clothe in white the peaceful town.

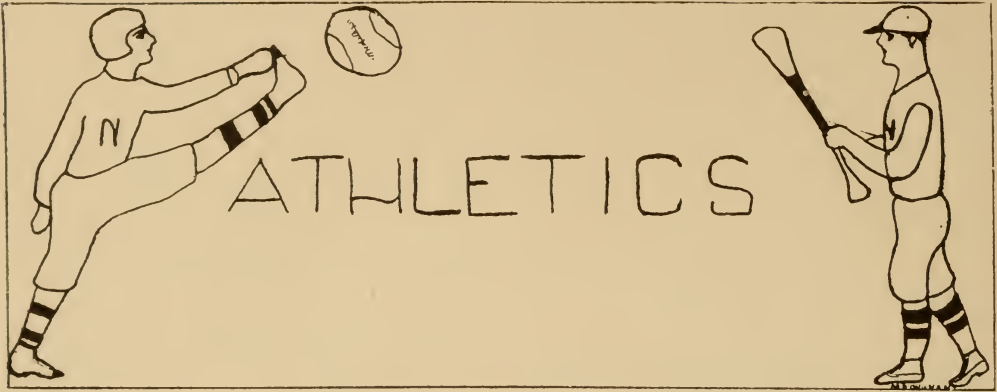
The snowflakes, who his servants are,
Come fluttering downward from afar,
To give the little children joy
And all the harmful germs destroy.

And when the snowflakes' work is done,
The children's fun has just begun;
Out come the sleds and skates and skiis,
And then the children swarm like bees.

King Winter's reign will soon be o'er,
And gentle Spring will come once more,
So while we have Old Winter here,
We'll give him many a hearty cheer.

ELIZABETH DAVIDSON.





Football—1922

When the first issue of the "Arguenot" went to press, four games remained unplayed on the 1922 schedule. Two of these contests were undoubtedly the two most important games of the season. A short review of the four games follows.

Norwood 20—Dedham 7

Little need be said of this contest. It was a typical Norwood-Dedham game and as usual Norwood had the edge. After a rather sluggish first half the Norwood boys proceeded to outplay our neighbors in every branch of the game. The feature of a game of thrills was a 40-yard delayed pass from Dower to Hammersley which "Bill" caught on a dead run and carried over the last line in an instant.

Norwood 14—Framingham 7

The largest crowd that ever gathered at a Norwood High School Football game was on hand when the whistle blew for probably the fastest game of the year. The teams were very evenly matched, but Norwood managed to bring out the winning finish and added this game to her string of victories. Capt. Foren and Dower excelled for Norwood, while Capt.

Wise was the bright light of the Framingham team.

Norwood 3—Dorchester 0

The Norwood boys didn't seem quite up to par in this game, but they easily held their own with the intown school, even if they didn't have the punch to run up a score. The extremely hard game the week before was probably the main cause of this slight slump. Soon after the game started Hammersley scored Norwood's only points on a remarkable 48-yard drop kick. It was undoubtedly the best field goal seen on the local field and anybody would admit such a kick would give credit to a college player.

Norwood 36—Watertown 20

The field was in rather poor condition for this game in spite of the fine efforts of the Public Works Department to clear it of the snow. The superior weight and the fact that the second team played a large part of the game to save the first string men for the Clifton game two days later accounts for Watertown's 20 points; while Norwood's first team was in they had little trouble with their

heavier opponents. An unusually large Thanksgiving Day crowd was on hand and saw some good football in spite of the condition of the ball and field.

The Post-Season Game With Clifton, N. J.

Weight was the main factor in the winning of this game. Although Norwood lost 13-10 the boys all covered

themselves with glory. Norwood scored first on a 25-yard drop kick by Hammersley. Before the half was over Clifton had scored two touchdowns. Right after the second half began Norwood pushed over a touchdown and made the score 13-10. In spite of Herculean efforts the boys were unable to change the score during the rest of the contest.

The New Jersey Trip

BEFORE describing in detail the trip to New Jersey, I wish to inform all readers of this article that there are several things which it would not be diplomatic to disclose to the public. But if you are a confidant of any member of the team, just inquire about "The weird event of Friday evening," "What happened at the hotel after the dinner and theatre party," "What Mr. Hammersley saw when he opened the door," or "Adventures while passing a steamer"!

To get down to business, before the train was out of sight of the Karshis and Spierdowis Plantations, five packs of cards appeared and were manoeuvred by forty hands so as to give enjoyment to a large group of our party. After it grew dark and as we were nearing Providence, the cards disappeared and calculations and anticipations were the main topics of conversation. Arriving in the Providence Station we found a special car waiting to take us to the Colonial Line Wharf, where we boarded the S.S. Concord.

After being assigned to state-rooms, we next enjoyed a fine supper. We were at small tables seating four, and it didn't take us long to put that supper where all good suppers belong. If the improvement in the dispositions of a group of boys can be judged by the amount of sugar used or taken at a meal, our boys

rose from all their meals on the S.S. Concord much sweeter and better-natured than when they sat down.

Of course none of the fellows were seasick, but there were several who discovered the weird feeling one has when lying in a bunk. His stomach seems to become restless. It tries to come up and go out through the mouth. Failing at this, it goes back where it belongs for a while and contents itself with merely wandering around the neck and hips in various positions. Then all of a sudden it tries to go straight out, ceilingwards, and as it goes up it gives one the most hollow feeling in the space it vacated. Most of the fellows had a fairly good sleep except for the times when they had the above-mentioned feelings and couldn't sleep.

After getting off the boat, we walked to the Erie Pier, where we were to take the ferry to New Jersey. Here we checked our baggage so that we could see the sights without any encumbrances.

We proceeded to the Woolworth Building, and when we were standing beside it we surely had to strain our necks to see the top of it. The elevators went as fast as express trains. We boarded one at the street floor and before we had had a chance to look the elevator over, the door opened and we got off at the fifty-fourth floor. Here we took the elevator

to the top of the tower. It was still foggy when we were on the sight-seeing balcony, so that we could not see Norwood; but we had a fine bird's eye view of the waterfront and the city. As several of the fellows felt the tower swaying, we soon came down and walked over to the "City Hall." Here we were entertained by a lady who showed us around and explained the pictures and the historic furniture. We all sat in the big armchair in which George Washington sat when he was inaugurated and after doing a few other similar things we proceeded to a restaurant.

We came out enriched with such things as egg salads, roast beef sandwiches, pie, milk, olives, water, and a few other things which took our fancy. We waited for a few minutes outside, while "Jinxy" Layton put in a telephone call. (He said he was calling his sister.) During this wait, "Jeff" McLean went across the street and looked over some fine full dress suits and tuxedos which occupied the window of the large store opposite. "Jinxy" finally emerged from the telephone booth and we went back to the Erie Wharf, where we took the ferry to New Jersey.

A short ride on the train and a shorter one in a bus, and we disembarked in front of the Clifton High School. A short practice was held at Doherty Oval, Friday afternoon, and after some fine suppers in the private homes where the boys were being entertained, all the party retired early so as to be fresh for the game the next day. We found out a few attractive facts about the population of Clifton and many of the fellows made appointments for Saturday morning. I don't want to give anything away that I shouldn't, but I am afraid that the old motto, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," applied pretty well to our stalwart tackles. When I saw them Saturday morning with

those—er—charming bits of humanity, it surely looked as if both of them had fallen pretty hard.

As for the game, we were fairly defeated 13-10 and our boys, one and all, covered themselves with glory. They are to be complimented on the fine spirit in which they took their defeat. The Norwood boys were satisfied with the officials, and they all agreed that the Clifton fellows were as fine a bunch of fellows as they have p'ayed against. If Otto Grow had seen the game I think he would have said, "If Norwood had as many mill-hands, lumberjacks, ice-men, plumbers, and Sunday School teachers playing for them as Clifton did, I think they would have won." But the Norwood boys won a better victory than merely having the largest score at the end of the game.

Right after the game we had to start for New York. "Hoddy" Sp'erdowis was so taken up with the girl who lived at the house where he was staying that he left his coat as an excuse to go back after the banquet at the Hotel Biltmore. When he got on the train, however, he wished that he hadn't done it, for he found he had left his "roll" in his inside coat pocket. Moreover his plan to return was foiled as the principal of the Clifton High School had brought the coat to the station a few minutes after the train had left and had given it to "Smiling Russell" Smith's brother who came in on the next train.

The banquet was glorious! Little need be said of it because we all know what constitutes a fine banquet. There was a proficiency of everything palatable and fit for consumption. The majority of us were a little dazed at the display of silverware at each plate. There were exactly eleven pieces. We all enjoyed the banquet thoroughly and agreed it was one of the great features of the trip. (We

heard "Eb" Sansone say under h's breath at one time during the banquet, "Say bo', if I ever got that chicken alone —**—†—!!.) After each course we had a few remarks from the Norwood men present as we'l as Captain Foren, "Bill" Hammersley, and "Hoddy" Spierdowis. Mr. Hammersley, Sr., served as toast-master in an interesting and efficient manner. Too much thanks cannot be given to Senator Allen for giving the boys such an excellent banquet and a chance to become acquainted with one of the finest hotels in New York.

Immediately after the banquet we proceeded to the Hippodrome, where we saw a spectacle entitled "Better Times." The features of the performance were the trained animal acts, the Chinese Acrobats, The Berlo Sisters, and the final ballet. The whole evening was filled with thrills. The mammoth size of the performance alone was enough to make a life-long impression on the minds of all the boys. The actors were all artists in their specialties, each act was run off with the quietness and efficiency which marks all the performances at the Hippodrome. All the boys were exceedingly grateful to Mr. Willet for giving them this unusual opportunity.

Most of the boys took short walks around the city before returning to the Hotel Bristol, where we were staying. After a few minor activities (?—*—†—!!*—?0) the boys turned in. It had certainly been one of the most memorable days of their lives.

After a fine breakfast Sunday morning, many of the boys took the opportunity of attending a service at one of the large churches in the city. The rest spent the morning giving the big city the once over.

A little before four we were obliged to start for the pier to take the boat to Providence. Two groups of boys pro-

ceeded to stuff two taxis with baggage and humanity to avoid the long ride in the subway. However, most of us had a better night's sleep on the return voyage than we did going down to New York.

One of the features of this voyage was the presence and activities of the Norwood Branch of the Royal Rooters. Fully two hundred and fifty attended the game and about thirty-five stayed over in New York to come home with the team. Soon after supper the festivities began on the rear deck. The Norwood team and all its adherents jarred the atmosphere with Norwood songs and cheers. Speeches were rendered under the excellent supervision of C. H. & M. R. "Harko" Murphy, better known in the world's circles as Senator Murphy. After we had been favored by all sizes from "Ossy" Thompson down to "Jerry" Ellis we re-entered the main saloon and several more speeches were rendered from the balcony of the saloon. This enthusiasm continued from the moment we left Clifton until the train arrived at Norwood Central Station and the group broke up.

Monday morning we had to get up early! It was cold! It was terribly cold! Four of our party overslept! But in spite of these handicaps and the fact that most of the party went from the pier to the Providence Station on a trolley car that had an ex-steam-roller chauffeur for a motorman, we all arrived at the station in time to get a bite to eat before boarding the train for the best town on the map.

Card-games, singing, sleeping, cheering, and so forth made the train trip seem short, and before we knew it, Mr. Karshis, Duke of the Phlatts, sighted his mansion and we made ready to leave the train. We were welcomed by the whole student body and a large group of townspeople. From here our heroes wended their ways

to the high school, a tired but happy lot of football players. Several members of the squad came out second best in battles with Lord Morpheus before school was out, but they have pronounced the trip as a wonderful success in every way.

The boys all appreciate the time and money that was given by the townspeople

and everyone concerned with the trip that made it possible for them to have one of the best times of their lives. Every boy on the squad had a wonderful time and had their brain-boxes filled with memories that will stay with them for a long, long time.

1923 Basket-Ball

The Basket-Ball season was started with a fine lecture by Mr. Hoyt, a member of the National Rules Committee and an experienced official. He talked on keeping fit and also explained the new rules. A large number turned out for the first practice including six letter men from last year's squad. Norwood has started the season well, winning her first four games. A gratifying feature of these contests has been the excellent support given the team by both the school and the town. Not only has the attendance been exceptionally large, but also there has been fine cheering at all the contests. A resumé of the games already played is as follows:

Norwood 49—Mansfield 23

Norwood opened the season with a decisive victory over Mansfield. The new uniforms caused much favorable comment. The boys soon showed they were players in more ways than merely looks. It was as fast a game as has been played on the floor for some time. Both teams played fast passing games with Norwood having a slight edge at the half. The second half Mansfield seemed to tire and the local team came to the fore and rolled up quite a score before the final whistle. Coach Murray used all his subs during the latter part of the contest. The passing of Dower and Drumme was the feature of the contest.

Norwood 23—Waltham 19

While this game was not quite as fast as the Mansfield game the interest was kept up by the closeness of the score. The visitors used gridiron tactics with the result that two of their men were put out of the game with 4 personal fouls. On account of a severe cold Captain Hammersley was able to play only a small part of the game.

* * *

Norwood 30—Foxboro 25

Norwood was greatly handicapped in this game. Not only was Captain Hammersley confined to his bed with the grippe, but the boys were forced to play in a hall only half the size of their home floor which greatly handicapped their passing game. Owing to the fact that several of the rules were waived on account of the size of the floor, the contest was rather rough. Norwood soon solved Foxboro's attack and led during the whole contest with the exception of a few minutes right after the second half began before they found their stride. The excellent guarding of Karshis and Foren in the small hall and the playing of Captain "Pat" Smith of Foxboro featured the contest.

* * *

Norwood 49—Attleboro 24

Norwood had little trouble in defeating Attleboro in Everett Hall. In spite of the good individual playing of several of the Attleboro team, Norwood's fast

passing game carried her to victory without any great effort. The feature of the game was the playing of popular "Bud" Dower scoring 13 baskets and 7 fouls, which made 33 points in all, "Bud" alone made enough points to give the visitors a decisive defeat. Dower's work has

been exceptional in all the games played this season. Captain "Bill" Hammersley was on the sidelines because of his recent illness, but we hope and expect he will be back in his regular place for the next game.

Girls' Basket-Ball

It is a great satisfaction to the girls of Norwood High School to be able at last to represent the school in athletic contests. Last year a girls' basket-ball team was organized under the able direction of Miss Erma Kiley and this year it is playing the following games:

Norwood High Girls vs. Mansfield Girls at Norwood, January 5.

Norwood High Girls vs. Bridgewater Girls at Norwood, January 16.

Norwood High Girls vs. Attleboro Girls at Norwood, January 26.

Norwood High Girls vs. Mansfield Girls at Mansfield, January 31.

Norwood High Girls vs. Franklin Girls at Franklin, February 2.

Norwood High Girls vs. Bridgewater Girls at Bridgewater, February 16.

Norwood High Girls vs. Attleboro Girls at Attleboro, February 28.

Norwood High Girls vs. Franklin Girls at Norwood, March 2.

On January 5 the Norwood High girls played "their first scheduled game of the season with Mansfield. In spite of some excellent work and hard fighting on the part of the Norwood girls, our opponents won with a score of 13-8.

On January 16 the Norwood girls played their second game, this time with the girls of Bridgewater High School, and again they were defeated by a score of 22-13.

In the games with Attleboro and Mansfield the girls again lost with the scores of 14-10 and 15-7.

Despite its four defeats however, the Norwood team has lost none of its excellent spirit and is confidently looking forward to victory in the future. The official line-up is:

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| M. Callahan r. f. | M. Donovan r. g. |
| A. Phalen l. f. | D. Kelley l. g. |
| Capt. Blanchot c. | |

Substitutes:

| | |
|-------------|-------------|
| O. Downey | M. Coreoran |
| D. Newman | M. Smith |
| K. Foren | C. Sullivan |
| M. Nelligan | R. Sopp |
| | M. Doran |

"What is failure? It is only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight.
If you never have failed, it's an even
guess
You never have won a high success."



School Activities

In the period before the weekly assemblies the High School chorus has rehearsed under the direction of Miss Hall. Two selections have been made for Graduation,—a march from “Aida” and “The Heavens are Telling” from “The Creation.”

* * *

The Glee Club and the Orchestra are practicing weekly with the Glee Club Concert, the Senior Play and other school activities in view. A number of High School students will soon be seen wearing pins which signify that they are members

of the Orchestra. A committee has already been chosen to select the design.

* * *

At one of the December assemblies Mr. Cory from Burdett College gave a very interesting talk on “How to Think.” Mr. Cory spoke to the school last year on “The Memory.” What he said was not only interesting but very valuable to us all.

It was a proud moment for many of our football heroes when, amid much cheering and applause, they were awarded their letters at one of the late fall assemblies.

Senior Notes

The class of 1923 has had three meetings during December and January at which the questions of the Senior Prom and Senior Play were discussed. The committees who were chosen to take charge of the dance proved very efficient, for the affair was a great success. The matrons of the evening were Mrs. Leonard Grant, Mrs. Harriet W. Lane, Mrs. William P. Hammersley and Miss Bessie James. The hall was very prettily decorated in Christmas season colors. The grand march added much to the grace and dignity of the occasion. Mr. Alexander, our treasurer, reports a profit of eighty-

five dollars and thirty-five cents, which sum will go towards paying for our banquet in June.

The Senior Play Committee, made up of David Foren, Vera Downey, Helen Blanchot, Eugene Lunden and Mary Lynch, has been working faithfully on the selection of the play, and have decided upon “Daddy Long Legs” as the one which the class will present on April 5th and 6th. Try-outs start on January 26th, and it is expected that all Seniors will turn out and help to make the play a success worthy of the class of '23.

Olga tried to take off a Charlie Chaplin stunt in gym the other day,—borrowed Irene W.'s sneakers ($7\frac{1}{2}$'s) in place of her own (2's).

* * *

Describing "Unity" in English IV C:

Darling: "You introduce your letter in the first paragraph, and then the next paragraph tells something about the first paragraph."

Miss James: "Oh, Darling, you make me dizzy!"

* * *

Favorite saying in History IV D:

"That's what mugsey says."

* * *

Peggy: "Gee, I'm cold!"

Miss Abbott: "I suppose you'll be cold after you're dead."

Peggy: "I don't know about that!"

* * *

Peggy F. (giving the theme of "Thanatopsis"): "One man dies and whether he is rich or poor, he is brought to the same level so that no one is alone."

* * *

Heard in History

Miss Abbott: "What kind of warfare did they have in the South?"

Peggy: "Nice."

* * *

Miss Blake (reading notice in study period): "There will be football practice in Room 200 at the close of school to-day."

* * *

Miss McLane to C. M.: "Are you the fourth machine in the second row?"

* * *

Miss McLane (explaining circle principle in Shorthand): "Now 'cornice,' for instance; if you have the circle on it, you have 'corns'." (Glancing at Mary C.'s paper), "Why, Mary, you have 'corns'!"

* * *

We hear that Vera Downey wrote a "Last Line" for the Last Line Limerick contest which was in the "Boston Advertizer," and quite a while ago received a check for five dollars. Keep it up, Vera, and you'll make the class of '23 famous yet!

* * *

Miss McLane (coming into Typewriting Room): "Take paper and start practicing the alphabet from the window sill."

Junior Class Notes

At a meeting of the class in November, the treasurer took up his new duties by giving a short talk on the advisability of paying class dues in order to fill gaps in the treasury. He has appointed an able

assistant to help him in collecting taxes. Prompt payments will help to make their task easier.

The remaining time at this meeting was spent in making final preparations for

the Junior Dance. This affair was held earlier than usual owing to the fact that the hall had been previously engaged for another event. No invitations were distributed this year, and dance orders were used instead. We think that the dance was a great success, both socially and financially.

A Bit of Advice to '24

Juniors, let us stop dreaming! For the class of 1924 cannot have her record marred by so-called shiftless pupils. There is not one of us who has not tried to make the Honor Roll, and even dreamed of being there. But through lack of energy, lack of home study, and lack of concentration, we are failing. We listen closely while Mr. Grant reads distinctly the small list of Juniors, and the much longer list of Seniors and Sopho-

mores. Are we not ashamed when we are told of our low standard and are laughed at and stared at by the other pupils?

Can we continue to bear this shame when we have the same abilities and opportunities as the Honor pupils? What we can do, or dream we can, let us begin it at once; "For boldness has genius, power, and magic in it."

NELLIE LYNCH, '24.

Limpid, velvet brown eyes, soft, dewy,
with lovelight,
Held him motionless, still, with their
deep, subtle charm:
But he suddenly moved, reached out to
caress her—
For she was a cow—just a cow on the
farm.

KATHERINE FOSS, '24.

Guess

IN ENGLISH III A

Personalities are odious; that's true, I
must confess,
But you can't say I'm personal when the
names you have to guess.
And so just think of one of us whom you
never could dismay—
She always knows her lessons, and her
name is ——?

II

And then there is another, a fiend in
Chemistry.
To him its signs and symbols are as plain
as ABC;
The "isms" and the "ologies" are all his
to command;
He knows just how to greet them and his
name, it is ——?

III

Perhaps you know who this is: his stature
is not great,
But when he gets his bow in hand, you'd
think him 6 ft. 8.
We have to guess the subjects of his oft-
repeated sermon,
For he likes to mumble to himself, our
little ——?

IV

And there is yet another, of whom I have
to tell—O,
She writes most wondrous stories and her
name is Miss ——?
And all these are presided o'er, with eye
that sometimes flames—
By a teacher most respected, whose name,
I say, is ——? B. HOWES, '24

February class tax now due. Be on the level, Juniors!

* * *

Only eight per cent on the Honor Roll, Juniors! Why be last in everything?

Miss Blaisdell: "Who conquered the Anglo-Saxons?"

Alice P.: "The Irish."

* * *

We have noticed that quite a few girls from East Walpole attend the games lately. Not that we're jealous, but what's the attraction?

* * *

The net profits for the Junior Dance were over \$75.00.

* * *

The score for the Junior-Senior basket-ball game—Juniors 9, Seniors 5.

* * *

We are told that Tenner and Sansone were mistaken for Eugene O'Brien and Rudolph Valentino on Broadway.

* * *

Tony Karshis has joined the Glee Club as a tenor. Ah, some more talent.

* * *

Recently Ruth and Esther were heard discussing what colors they liked best, and now we understand that they are brown and purple.

* * *

What is the Junior's idea of nothing at all? A Sophomore.

* * *

Mr. Smith (at Cleary's): "Are you sure this century plant will bloom in one hundred years?"

Mr. Cleary: "Positive! If it doesn't, bring it back."

* * *

It has been suggested that Mr. Murray engage Underwood and Underwood to handle his increasing business.

Sophomore Class Notes

The Sophomore play "The Spirit of Christmas Joy" was presented at the Christmas assembly of the High School. It was very original and was enjoyed and appreciated by all.

The Sophomore class has had three meetings. At the first one the class tax of ten cents a month was decided upon. At the second, students were nominated for the class party and emblem committees. The following were elected for the class party committee:

Nora Barry, Helen Corcoran, James Pendergast, Vincent Kenefick, and Margaret Caverly.

For the emblem committee:

Dorothy Flansbury, Mary Balboni, Richard Dowling, John Mosses and Albert Harrison.

The class party is to be held February 9th in Social Hall. It is not to be public, only Sophomores and teachers of the High School being invited. The evening will be spent in dancing, playing games, and doing stunts. It is hoped that all will have a rousing good time. All Sophomores come! You do not know what fun is in store for you!

Safety First

He caught his hand, a little thing,
He hardly felt the sting;
He could not stop for iodine;
So, five weeks in a sling.

He got a cinder in his eye,
Removed it with a knife.
He goes around half-blinded now,
He's glad they saved his life.

He ran a splinter in his knee,
Why, what is that I beg?
He could not stop to fool with that;
So Doc. cut off his leg.

He grabbed a piece of foreign wire
In a very careless way.
The flowers were very pretty
At his funeral, they say.

MARGARET CURRAN, '25.

Miss Abbott: "How can you tell that this is a scene from the Middle Ages?"
Eppich: "Because of the wine carts."

* * *

Miss Hart: "Riley, what kind of an 'e' is there in 'abeit'?"
Riley: "Cutie."

* * *

Bullard (opening window in 200): "Gee, I can't open it with all my weight!"

* * *

Miss Johnson: "What does 'sumat' mean?"
Regan: "Exact."
Miss Johnson: "Exactly!"

* * *

Anderson (criticizing Miss Curran's figure of a right triangle): "Oh, Miss Blake, her legs aren't even!"

* * *

Miss Abbott (urging pupil to recite on the Near East question): "What do you associate with Turkey?"

Pupil: "Cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, I s'pose."

* * *

Teacher (in French class): "Can you give me the words meaning 'our sisters'?"
Pupil: "No sir" (nos soeurs).
Teacher: "Correct!"

* * *

Miss Hayes: "What is saltpeter?"
Miss Griffin: "A South American ruler."

* * *

Mr. Smith: "What is the highest form of animal life?"
Miss McCready: "The mountain goat."

* * *

Miss Abbott: "Miss Donaldson, what are you doing?"
Pansy: "Nothing!"
Miss Abbott: "Just what I thought. Try studying."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

EXCHANGES

"The Arguenot" wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges:

"The Advocate," Needham, Mass.

"The Bigelow Tribune," Bigelow School, South Boston, Mass.

"The Boston University Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"The Bulletin," Watertown High School, Watertown, Mass.

"The Echo," Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

"The Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass.

"The Imp," Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

"The Live Wire," Junior High, Bridgewater, Mass.

"Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.

"The Newtonite," Newton High School, Newton, Mass.

"Oak Leaves," Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Me.

"The Periscope," Bridgewater High School, Bridgewater, Mass.

"The Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.

"The Mirror," Dedham High School, Dedham, Mass.

"The Alpha," New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Mass.

COMMENTS ON OUR ARGUENOT

"You must have willing people to co-operate with. Your Literary Department certainly shows it. Good jokes also. Why not have some cuts for headings?"—"The Bulletin," Watertown, Mass.

"A magazine anyone could enjoy. Plenty of good jokes and stories."—"The Advocate," Needham, Mass.

"If we were not well acquainted with

both your school and periodical, we should be at a loss to know who published "The Arguenot." Every school paper should also announce the number of times it is published yearly, since one expects more in an annual than a monthly. Your paper is neat and full of vigor."—"Oak Leaves," Vassalboro, Maine.

Gloucester comments on our class to be started in Hungarian Folk Dancing and Aesthetic Dancing and probably hopes to be a close second in introducing the course in the East.—"Gloucester Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.

"We are always glad to receive an Arguenot among our exchanges. It is a magazine complete in every detail. The Literary Department is especially worthy of comment. The Jokes Dept., however, could be improved. We found your editorial "If You Don't Save It Someone Else Will" especially instructive and interesting. Keep 'er coming, Norwood."—"The Durfee Hilltop," Fall River, Mass.

"Your pages evidence a fine school spirit upon which you are to be congratulated."—"The Imp," Brighton, Mass.

"A splendid paper with good stories and poems, but a few cuts would improve it."—"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

ARGUENOT ON OUR COMMENTS

The Advocate, Needham, Mass.—You have a most excellent magazine brim full of original ideas and cleverly written material. The entire magazine shows unusual finish and literary style. Evidently you concentrate on two issues per year. In spite of your plea for constructive criticism, we find little to criticize.

The Imp, Brighton, Mass.—Your departments are in good proportion for the

size of your paper, but we think your literary department could be made stronger and more varied by an occasional essay. We liked "The Exchange Editor's Plea" in the Chirstmas Number.

The Live Wire, Junior High School, Bridgewater, Mass.—Your first issue of "The Live Wire" is one of which you may well be proud. You have good editorials and stories, attractive poems, and really funny jokes. It is indeed a "Live Wire" and we congratulate you on your spirit and success.

The Gloucester Beacon, Gloucester, Mass.—Your paper on the whole is good. Cartoons are excellent.

Oak Leaves, Vassalboro, Me.—Thanks very much for your comment in your November issue. Outside of a missing table of contents, your paper cannot be improved upon and is one of the finest in our list of exchanges.

The Bulletin, Watertown, Mass.—We wish to commend the excellent school spirit evidenced in your magazine. One has only to read its pages to be assured that you are good "sports" in the finest sense of the word. Besides the cartoon on athletics, which is very good, we liked your editorials particularly.

The Newtonite, Newton, Mass.—Your paper is neat and full of pep.

The Alpha, New Bedford, Mass.—We like your Christmas number much. The literary department is particularly strong.

The Periscope, Bridgewater, Mass.—The cover on your Hallowe'en number is excellent. "B. H. S. Sayings" and Joke Department are particularly good. Why not enlarge your exchange department?

The Mirror, Dedham, Mass.—Congratulations on being able to *print* your own paper. We like your cover design and departmental headings, but we think your literary department and jokes are rather weak.

The Durfee Hilltop, Fall River, Mass.—Welcome! We missed you in our list of exchanges. Your paper is complete in all departments.

The Echo, Winthrop, Mass.—Your school must certainly have a fine spirit, if it "echoes" the vim and vigor attitude of its paper.

The Boston University Beacon.—"The Boston University Beacon" is an inspiration to us. We appreciate having among our exchanges a magazine of such literary excellence.

ALUMNI NEWS

Class 1917

It is about time for some one else in the class to get married. The latest addition to the Nuptial Group are "Herb" Landry and Bertha Dion Landry. Now Herb has a chance to assert himself as a political genius.

The class is seriously thinking of having another reunion. So far it is only thinking, however.

"Herb" Peterson says he would have

the class reunion if he could find some other fellow to have it with him. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

Who said the war was over? "Windy" Ward and Bill O'Donnell were overheard in a heated argument the other evening in a well known down-town cafe regarding Dr. Coue, the noted French curer. Bill argues that if the theory were prac-

tical, the French government would adopt it to obtain the money due them from Germany. "Windy" says he knows nothing about the terms of the armistice, but by repeating Dr. Coue's "Day by day in every way I'm getting better and better," he lost a very painful corn. The decision is awarded to "Windy."

We might add in passing that "Windy" has adopted Coue's theory in all his classes at Watertown High School where he is physical director.

F. J. M., '17.

Class 1920

Lester Fitzpatrick is attending evening school at Northeastern University.

Miss Helen Callahan, who recently underwent an operation, is rapidly recovering.

Steve Clem has accepted a position in Bird & Son's office.

John Sullivan recently became a paper tester for Hollingsworth & Vose.

John Conley won the recent "Norwood Mirror" contest which will award him a shiny new Ford. (We might add that in the future John will have to double his forces in resisting the fair sex.)

Joe Brennan has become a full-fledged member of the Benedicts. He was married recently to Miss Ruth Barley.

J. C.

Miss Nora Cronan, '22, is now a switch-board operator at the Norwood Trust Co.

William D'Espinosa, '19, a senior at West Point, spent the Christmas holidays in Norwood.

The Class of 1916 held its reunion at the home of Miss Madeline Appleby on December 26.

Miss Minnie Readell, '17, of Detroit visited her home during the holidays.

The Class of 1913 held a reunion at the

Civic on December 23. In spite of the fact that the members of this class are widely scattered, quite a number were present. Mr. and Mrs. Austin Fittz, formerly of Norwood, were guests.

James Dunn, '22, a midshipman at Annapolis Naval Academy, made his first visit home at Christmas. Possibly he will be able to make another short visit here during the Easter holidays.

Miss Madeline Lundgren, '22, is very much interested in the shoe business. Anyone wishing to know what will be worn for summer sport shoes should inquire of this young lady.

There has been some discussion lately among members of various classes concerning an alumni dance. It would be an excellent idea to have some sort of a general alumni social, for there seems to be a lack of endeavor to hold individual class reunions. Why not have a committee composed of representatives of classes from 1922 back talk over the advisability of such an idea, and gather these rumors and suggestions into something more definite?

"Jud" Thompson, "Stony" Carlson, Bill O'Donnell, Clyde Small and "Red" McDonough took important parts in the Annual Snow Carnival of the Wednesday Club which was held January 7 at the Norfolk Golf Club. "Stony," who won the ski jump and thus shattered the record made last year by Thompson, is now recovering from the effects of a very bad cold. His friends wish him a speedy convalescence and are looking forward to seeing him win new laurels at the Dartmouth Carnival.

George Jones, '21, has just refused an offer to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a pianist. He is going abroad to play with the Agony Sextet which has just finished a tour of the states.

Norris Potter is seriously thinking of

giving up the stock market and making a name for himself as an exhibition dancer. No one would question the wisdom of this plan if he had once seen Norrie do the "cocoa" with Thelma.

In fact, there are several of the "old grads" who are thinking of changing their present occupations to something more suitable to their talents and individual personality. "Doc" Curtin is not going to discard his tools with his profession, but is to use them in the construction of a new rapid transportation system. He has not decided whether

this will be air, surface, or underground accommodation, but is certain on one point—that the first line will be between Norwood and Cambridge. Jack Russell also is making a change. Various experiences acquired in the banking game will be great assets to him in his future profession, something new for Norwood. Watch for the opening announcement of his "Confidence Bureau." (If any of you young ladies wish to get at the head of the line and receive special attention, it would be well for you to invest in a little henna hair dye.)

Superstition

OF course, no one is quite so silly now-a-days as to be superstitious,—that is to believe in fairies, in good and bad luck omens, and in fate—of course no one is, but still!

Take my case, for instance. I'm not superstitious. No indeed! Yet the other day when I dropped a mirror, a strange, unaccountable numbness came into my hands and I hesitated a moment before picking it up. Now no one can say that I was really afraid that I should have seven years of bad luck if it were broken, but nevertheless I breathed a whole lot easier when I at last picked it up quite whole. Yet I am not superstitious. No indeed!

I know a girl who is forever picking up pins. Never will she pass one by without picking it up and saying, "See a pin and pick it up, and all the day you'll have good luck; see a pin and let it lay, and you will have bad luck all day." But I do not consider her superstitious.

I know another girl who, if she has forgotten something and returns to the house for it, will not leave until she sits down on a chair. One day when she did this, she tore her dress on the arm of the

chair as she was rising from it. After she had spent fifteen minutes mending it, it was too late to go for her train, and as there wasn't another for two hours she had to give up her shopping for that day, and start off again the next afternoon. Yet even after that she would never return to the house without sitting down.

How many of these little superstitious traits we find in ourselves and in our friends when we look for them! How many times have you seen a girl go back in order to go around the same side of a post as her friend? How many people do you know who will cheerfully walk under a ladder without any qualms? How many of us are not in the least affected when we see a black cat cross our path at a time when we are anxiously waiting for something special? Now don't for one minute think that I mean we are afraid to go under a ladder. No indeed, we just don't like to. Nor do we actually fear that the black cat may influence our plans. No, of course not! No one is quite so silly now-a-days as to be superstitious—but still!

DOROTHY KELLY, '23.

The Massacre of Bartholomew

THE masses of people surged from street to street, ever alert for a bit of news from the great Coligny. The thud of hundreds of feet on the road and the hubbub of voices rose above all other sounds in the narrow streets of the capitol of France. Children ran blindly about, excited over what they could not understand and cried shrilly to each other as though they were at play.

But the older people were by no means in a mood to play or amuse themselves. They waited, waited, restlessly moving back and forth. What news from Coligny? What news?

A very old man, bent and gray, with withered cheeks under his still lively brown eyes, stumbled about in the crowd, also waiting. At times he grew tired of his aimless wandering and leaned against a door for support and glanced out over the ever changing masses of humanity. Here and there the bright headdress of some country girl gleamed out over the drab heads of the burghers of Paris, and now and again the plumes of some soldier or noble waved haughtily over the heads of their aristocratic owners.

Then, without warning, the storm broke loose. From every corner Catholic soldiers rushed forth into the nearly solid mass of people and killed, killed, killed. Cries, groans and shrieks of horror rose and mingled with the sounds of rushing feet as the Huguenot victims of the massacre attempted to flee.

Paralyzed with fear and surprise, the aged man leaned heavily against the doorpost, hardly understanding what the scene before him meant, then, realization coming with a blow, he tried to hurry to some safer place—too late. He stumbled directly into the arms of a soldier, whose dripping sword announced his mission.

"Calvinist? Huguenot?" the soldier queried.

Proudly the old man drew himself up and calmly answered, "Yes!"

The soldier's sword fell and as the dark blood streamed forth from a wound in the old man's head, the soldier laughed brutally and threw down the limp body. After kicking it roughly, he gave a hoarse cry, and hurried on in search of more victims. "On with the massacre!"

MYRTHA LINDEBURG, '25

The Optimist and the Pessimist

I read somewhere that the difference between an optimist and a pessimist is that when an optimist gets out of bed in the morning he says, "Well, back again in sixteen hours," and when a pessimist goes to bed he says, "Oh dear, out again in eight hours."

Another thing a pessimist complains about is the weather. He is always sure it will be slushy tomorrow, and when it is slushy, he is afraid he will sit down in it, and when he sits down, he is sure he will

get pneumonia and die. That is about as far as he can go however. I don't know whether he is pessimistic after he dies or not.

An optimist forgets the weather, unless it is a good day, and then he raves about it. If it happens to be slushy, he is bound he won't sit down in it and he helps all the old ladies he sees not to. If he happens to sit down himself, it is a good joke to tell somebody and if he gets cold and stays at home it is just the time to do that

little job he has been putting off, and before he dies he tries his best to give his optimism to somebody else.

If a pessimist goes to see a sick man he tells him to prepare for the worst—troubles never come singly; but if an

optimist goes to the same place, he makes the man forget he was ever sick.

A pessimist is a bore, or a joke, whichever way you take him; but an optimist is a joy forever.

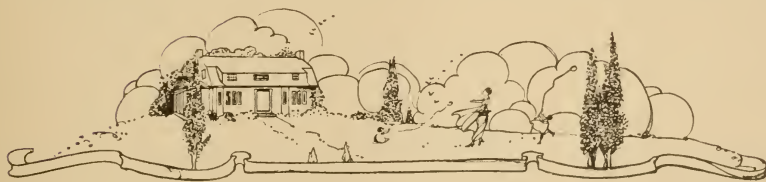
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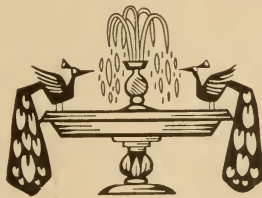
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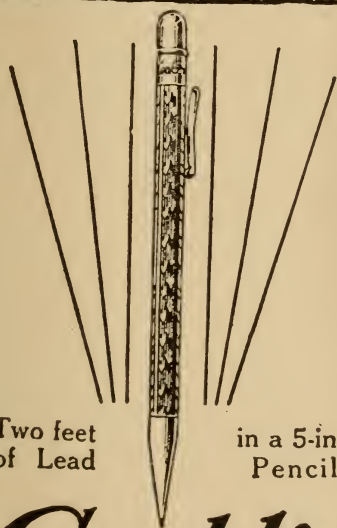
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